GOOCHS WINTER SALE

LAST WEEK of REMARKABLE BARGAINS

Drastic reductions have been made in every department. During the concluding week of Sale it is imperative that all oddments are cleared to make room for new season's goods. Note the examples below, and remember that the earlier your call, the better your choice.

Owing to the rapid clearance of bargains, during the Sale, no goods can be sent on approval or exchanged after purchase.

Heavy quality Mocha suède Gloves, reliable and good fitting, suitable for general hard wear. In tan, grey, light beaver.
REDUCED TO **2/11**
A limited quantity only.

All ladies', children's and men's gloves are reduced in price.

Blouse tunic in cotton crêpe in large variety of shades, with contrasting colours to tone. May be had in rose, apricot, saxe, black, wh e.
SALE PRICE **10/-**

Smart walking shoes in black patent or brown calf with cut-out sides and leather heels. Usual price 27/9
SALE PRICE **17/9**

Also many bargains in children's shoes.

Boys' Pyjamas in Ceylon flannel (a mixture of wool and cotton). A thoroughly hard-wearing garment and suitable for school use. Pink, blue and mauve stripes on white grounds. To fit 8 to 16 years.
All sizes **8/11** a Suit.

GOOCHS, LTD., BROMPTON RD., S.W.3

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY'S WEAR.

SALE

PETER ROBINSON

NOW PROCEEDING

No Sale Catalogue.

PETER ROBINSON, Ltd., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W1.

---

1 Just spread it on
2 Wait a few minutes
3 Rinse it off—and
4 The hair is gone!

USED BY TWO MILLION WOMEN

VEET is a perfumed velvety cream that takes the place of the old-fashioned and objectionable depilatory. Likewise women need no longer resort to the razor, which only makes the hair grow faster, thicker and coarser. Veet requires no mixing or other preparation; it is ready for use just as it comes from the tube. It leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without the slightest suggestion of hair growth. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money returned. Veet may be obtained for 3/- and 1/6 from all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

Beware of Imitations

VEET

THE PERFECT HAIR REMOVING CREAM

Winter Sale

# of WALPOLES' HOUSEHOLD LINENS

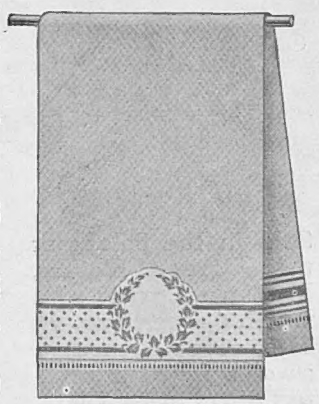
Now Proceeding

Examples of Bargains

"LINEN FINISH" COTTON SHEETS

A Thoroughly Reliable Quality.

Hemmed	pair
Single Beds, 2×3 yds.	21/6
Single Beds, 2×3½ yds.	25/-
Double Beds, 2½×3 yds.	28/6
Double Beds, 2½×3½ yds.	33/-
Hemstitched	**pair**
Single Beds, 2×3 yds.	23/9
Single Beds, 2×3½ yds.	27/9
Double Beds, 2½×3 yds.	31/6
Double Beds, 2½×3½ yds.	35/9



LINEN FACE TOWELS

No. 45. Reliable quality Damask Bordered Diaper. Pure Linen with Hemstitched ends. Size 22×40 ins.
SALE PRICE per doz. **29/6**

BLANKETS

An Excellent Hard-wearing Quality with a nicely Raised Surface and Blue Border. Size about 64×82 ins. Weight 6½ lbs.
SALE PRICE **22/9** pair

Under BLANKETS

in same quality. Size 50×70 ins. Weight 4 lbs.
SALE PRICE **15/-** pair

SALE CATALOGUE will be sent post free on request.

WALPOLES IRISH LINENS
The finest the world produces

WE PAY CARRIAGE within the British Isles.

89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1 — 108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8 — 175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1

From an actual photograph by Maurice Beck & Macgregor

Maison Lyons Chocolates

Sold in the Salons at the Corner Houses, Maison Lyons and Lyons' Teashops, in Theatres and Cinemas, and by good confectioners everywhere.

4/- per lb.

Sold in the Salons at the Corner Houses, Maison Lyons and Lyons' Teashops, in Theatres and Cinemas, and by good confectioners everywhere.

THE VALUE IS IN THE
CHOCOLATES
NOT THE BOX

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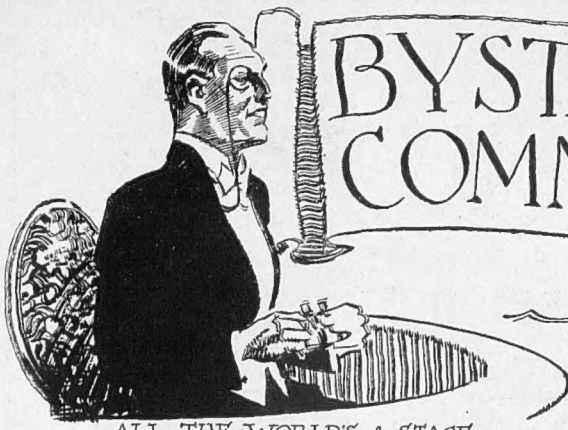
BYSTANDER COMMENTS



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

Set Wet

THE floods are out, and dwellers in the river valleys are busy getting webbed feet. Most of the villages along the Thames have been turned into sea-side resorts, and the Avon makes the Atlantic look like a duck-pond.

Taking a Bungalow

NOW is the time to take a bungalow for the summer months. Secure the proprietor; place him in a punt and proceed down the river in search of his property. If you manage to find the bungalow, you will find the owner in a very reasonable frame of mind. Wait until the floods have subsided, and he will be his old grasping, greedy, and exorbitant self.

Valley Dwellers

FLOOD water has a very humanising effect on valley dwellers in general and on owners of bungalows in particular. Having been born in a valley, I can safely say what I think of us. We are a self-satisfied lot, inclined to sniff at the hill-folk, and these floods are sent as a natural corrective, just as the original Flood was turned on to remind an earlier lot of lowlanders that they were only human. We are a poor lot, and those of us who build bungalows are the worst of us.

Stern, Strong Men

JUST at present the stern, strong men who wear red beards, carry their pennies in purses, and live in the hills, are looking down on us in a more than geographical sense. They live in the hills, not because they like it, but because our grandfathers pushed their grandfathers out of the pleasant valleys during the course of a summer campaign. Had the offensive been a winter campaign, our grandfathers would have pushed their grandfathers into the valleys and they would have perished miserably because none of them have webbed feet and they can't swim for toffee.

Our Turn Will Come

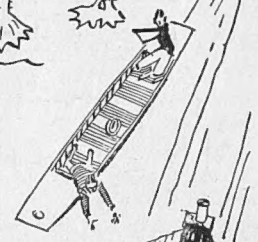
BUT we are not down-hearted. Sooner or later our floating houses will come to anchor just as Noah ran aground on Ararat. Possibly by the time these lines appear, the water will have run out of our kitchens, and we shall be able to replace the drawing-room carpet. The rambler roses will bloom all the more gloriously upon the wooden walls of "Cuminsyde," and we, in turn, defying all the laws of gravity, will look down upon our ancient enemies of the hills. It is a pleasant prospect, and if the waters of Wargrave are brackish, it only goes to prove that we are still the salt of the earth.

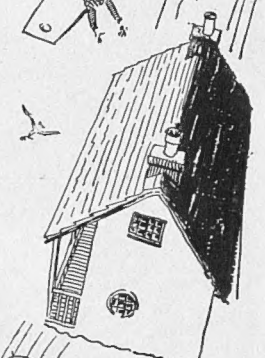
The Prisoner of Godrevy

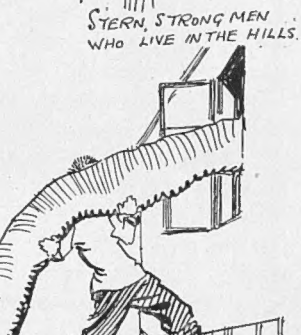
THOSE of us who have summered at St. Ives have found it difficult to believe that the keeper of the Godrevy light was kept a prisoner for eight days by the tumultuous seas that prevented his relief. On an average August day, when Carbis Bay is as full of sunshine as it can hold, you feel that you could slide out to Godrevy on a sea of glass. The Atlantic may be pounding upon the rocks of Coverack and Porthoustock, but the bay of St. Ives remains a placid backwater of silver seas and golden sands.

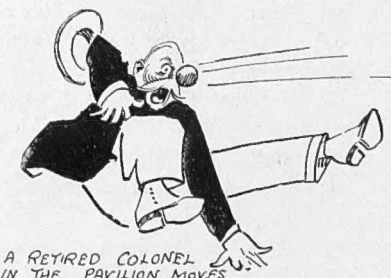
Our English Riviera

I NEVER miss an opportunity to put in a good word for our English Riviera, and this adventure of the keeper of the Godrevy light comes opportunely. At a time when we are all beginning to look for the first faint smile of Springtime, it is good to remember that Cornwall is the vantage point from which its coming may be first observed. Very soon, the Scillies will be preparing to reap their golden harvest of daffodils, and the visitor in search of sunshine need stray no further afield than the pleasant valley Lamorna or the sheltered slopes of Gulval and Marazion.



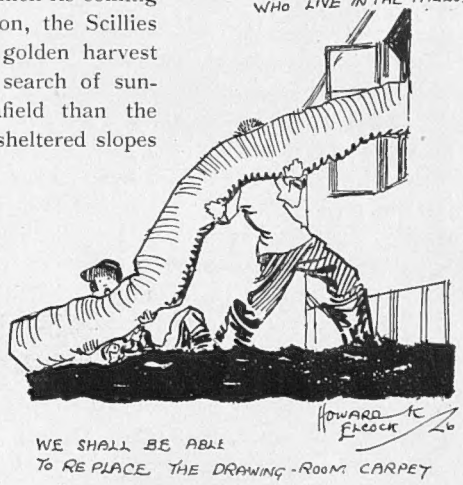




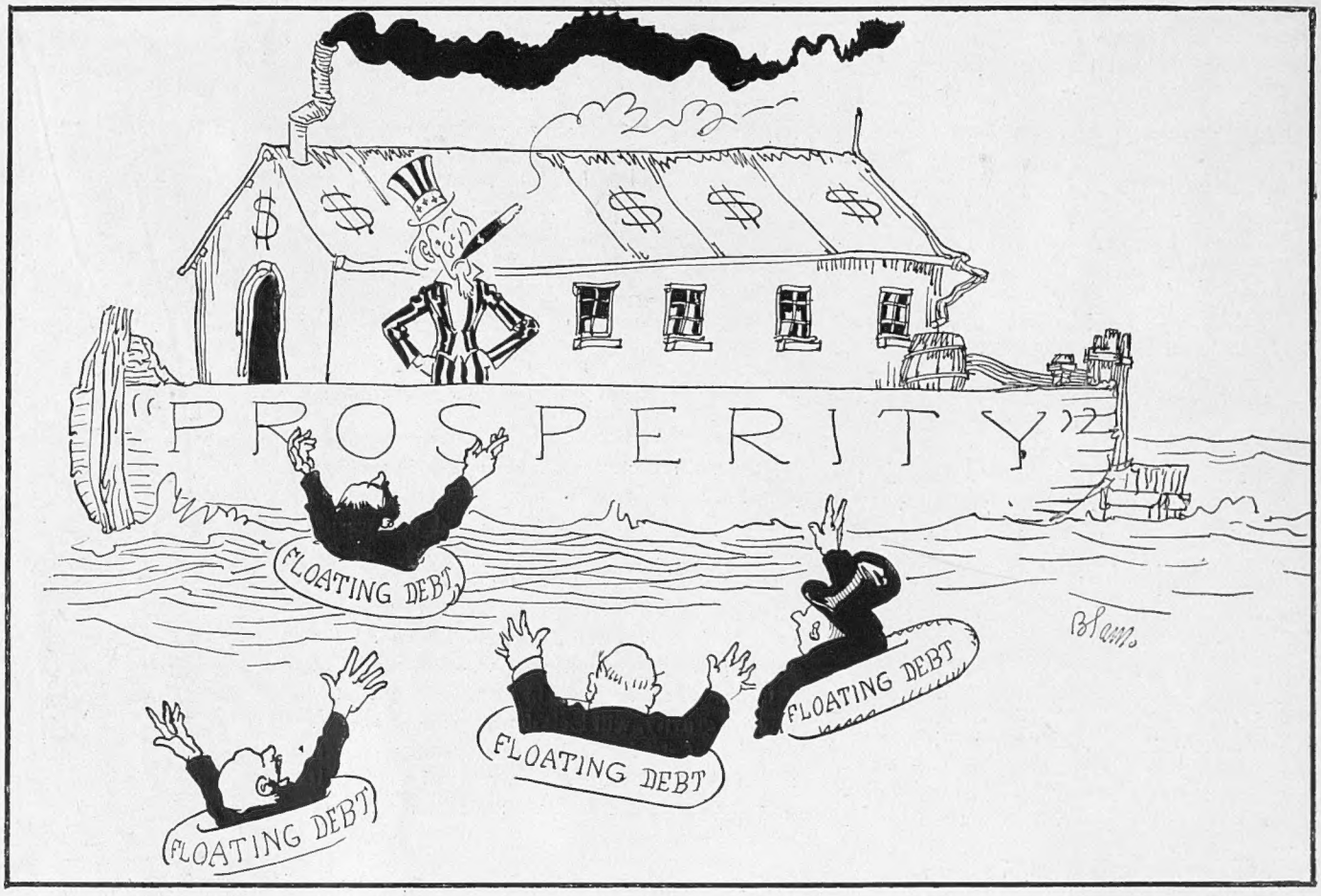


A RETIRED COLONEL IN THE PAVILION MOVES JUST IN TIME.

YOU COULD SLIDE OUT TO GODREVY ON A SEA OF GLASS



WE SHALL BE ABLE TO REPLACE THE DRAWING-ROOM CARPET



By Blam

THE FINANCIAL FLOOD IN EUROPE

Noa(h)dmittance except on business!

A World's XI

On the same morning that I am invited to compile a list of world's cricketers of all time to play the Martians in an imaginary match at Lord's, I read that one, G. L. Jessop, has competed successfully in a bogey foursome promoted by the Edgware Golf Club. The coincidence is intriguing. Should this same Gilbert Jessop, whose exploits may not be unknown to you, be given a place in such a sporting encounter? I think of better batsmen and of better bowlers. Regretfully, I am about to draw my pen through his name—not the first victim of our national distrust of Unorthodoxy—and then, a memory comes floating across the page, bidding me stay my hand.

A Memory

I am sitting on one of our most famous cricket fields. A test match is in progress, and the day is going badly for England. Even the optimists are forced to admit that it is all over bar shouting. A famous batsman, still glorious in defeat, is receiving the sympathetic plaudits of the crowd. He disappears into the pavilion, and there falls the sort of sad and solemn silence that can be felt. And then down the steps comes a pugnacious little figure who grips his bat like a shillelagh, and strides towards the wicket, as full of fight as an Irish terrier. So full of fight is he, that he can scarcely wait for the ball to leave the bowler's hand. He is halfway down the pitch to meet it—there is a flash—a roar—and a retired Colonel in the pavilion moves just in time. But what a glorious death it would have been!

Amateur Actors

Now that London has provided a permanent home for the amateur actor, the status of these casual players has been raised to an extent that they may challenge comparison with the professional performer. I have seen some very fine performances at the Scala Theatre, and only this week I hear of an amateur society that is staging an entirely new musical comedy, the entire production being handled by the amateurs themselves. In view of these facts, some remarks by Alfred Wareing, one of our most enterprising managers, on the subject of amateur theatricals, make a timely appearance.

Potential Professionals

While criticising amateurs for not taking a keener interest in keeping up to the mark, Mr. Wareing thinks they are doing work of the greatest value in "bringing into existence an audience—a mere cell at present—which will develop into a body of playgoers whose interest in the more permanent side of the drama will again enrich our dramatic literature." That is a thoughtful view of the situation with which I find myself in complete agreement, and I would suggest that if more professionals held out a helping hand to amateurs it would be better in the long run for the professional stage.

A Problem for the Pedants

The criticism by Headmasters of the examination system and the suicide of a young girl student as the result of over-work occupy parallel columns in my morning paper. The second item of news is the natural pendant to the first, and it is to be hoped that the sacrifice of a young life will not have been in vain. Every Schoolmaster will admit that the gaining of a certificate is no "Open Sesame" to the Aladdin's Cave in which are secreted the glittering prizes on which ambitious youngsters set their hearts. Yet some immediate incentive is necessary to bring out the best that is in them. Here is a pressing problem for the pedants.

England's Rugger "Expeditionary Force"

BY MAC

Some impressions of the English XV who are journeying to the Principality to do battle against Wales next Saturday at Cardiff Arms Park. The "young brigade" is well represented in the first of England's international struggles this year.

IN FLOODED BELGIUM *Central Press*

The King and Queen of the Belgians inspecting the damage done in Namur, where the floods have been particularly severe. Their Majesties gave £17,000, which included all the money collected as a national silver wedding gift, to help in relieving the lot of the victims

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Queen Mother of Italy

THERE was a curious analogy between the late Queen Margherita of Italy and Queen Alexandra. Both captivated their husband's future subjects by their radiant beauty as brides; both inspired a national devotion which lasted throughout their lives. And, as I have mentioned before, both had a secret of bowing in public possessed by no other royal person. I have told you, too, that in the case of Queen Margherita, this bow, which gave every individual in the crowd the impression that it was meant solely for him or her, was the result of training in her youth. The eyes were kept perfectly level; only the head was moved. The effect was precisely the same as the eyes in a portrait which appear to be looking at you, no matter from what angle you are regarding the portrait itself.

Like Queen Alexandra, Queen Margherita was always serenely sure of herself. No nervousness, no fidgeting with wraps or jewels; always gracious, and stately, the dominating figure wherever she appeared.

Destiny and a Cigarette

HISTORY hangs on trifles, sometimes. A cigarette made Queen Margherita the first Queen of United Italy, and the first Queen to hold a Court within the walls of Christian Rome. Her cousin, then Prince Humbert, the son of Victor Emanuel I, was engaged to an Austrian Archduchess. One day this lady was smoking a cigarette—a thing she had been forbidden to do by her father, the Archduke Albert. Seeing the Archduke coming she put her hand behind her back. The cigarette set her muslin dress alight and she was burned to death. But for this an Austrian Archduchess would have been the first Queen of Italy, and the country's history would probably have been a very different story.

AFTER THE CEREMONY *Central News*

Major Gerald Aylmer and his bride, the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Macnaghten, photographed with the bride's attendants, Miss Rosemary Ford and Miss Rosemary Van der Byl, after their wedding at the chapel of the Savoy. Mrs. Aylmer is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Henry Graham, of Hampton

Italy then was within two years of the Unification. Florence was the capital. But the country knew that as soon as the French soldiers were removed from Rome the Eternal City would once more become the secular capital of the Peninsula. Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia—*Il Re Galantuomo*—was to be the first King of United Italy. The House of Savoy was the oldest reigning house in Europe, and those about the King thought, and thought wisely, that the marriage of Prince Humbert to his cousin, Margherita, daughter of his father's brother, the Duke of Genoa, would strengthen the hold of the Savoy dynasty upon the Italian people.

Further than this, Princess Margherita's passionate nationalism was well known. She had already refused the Hohenzollern prince who afterwards became the first King of Roumania—the late King Charles—saying she would never leave Italy. Her marriage to Prince Humbert fifty-seven years ago did much to popularise the new monarchy.

Making a Court

AGAIN, like Queen Alexandra, the young bride found herself the chief figure in Society immediately after her marriage. Her father-in-law was a widower. He detested Court ceremonials, preferring to spend his leisure with the Countess Mirafiore, the daughter of a drum-major, whom he had married morganatically. Thus the social leadership of the new *régime* fell upon Princess Margherita.

It was a task calling for consummate management and tact. A Court had to be formed out of the most

heterogeneous elements, and the difficulty was increased by the fact that under the laws of the new kingdom titles gave neither rank nor precedence. However, Princess Margherita triumphed, and continued that triumph for thirty years until King Humbert's assassination at Monza.

An Instance of Tact

At the Courts at the Quirinal those attending do not pass before the Sovereigns as at our Courts. The ladies and gentlemen are ranged in a wide circle in separate rooms. The ceremony opens with the King going round the circle of ladies, and the Queen going round the circle of gentlemen. They speak to each person after the presentation has been made.

It was on these occasions that one realised not only Queen Margherita's exquisite tact, but also the wide range of her knowledge. She had first the right word for everybody, and if you were a foreigner would ask questions about your work, your country, or your particular interest in Italy, which came obviously from a quick and eager mind. Her knowledge of current English literature was surprising. And she was a wonderful figure, too, at these Courts, her head and neck blazing with jewels, the front of her dress practically covered by the ropes and ropes of her famous pearls. Every movement was gracious and stately.

One instance of Queen Margherita's grace and tact I have always remembered. It was a ceremony in the Capitol at Rome attended by King Humbert and herself, the members of the Senate, the members of the House of Deputies, and the City Fathers. The three bodies were all ranged in front of a daïs, set between two doorways, through one of which the King and Queen entered. Immediately they had crossed the threshold Queen Margherita made three profound curtseys, inclining her head towards the Senators, the Deputies, and the City Fathers with each curtsey. It was an instance of doing the right thing at the right moment, a perfect expression of tact which had an electrical effect on the atmosphere, and kindled an enthusiasm one rarely witnesses at State functions.

Sport and General

A YORKSHIRE WEDDING

Air Vice-Marshal H. R. M. Brooke-Popham and his bride, Miss Opal Mary Hugonin, photographed with the best man, Air-Commodore Vesey Holt, and the bridal attendants, after their wedding. The service was held at All Saints Parish Church, Ledsham, near Castleford

Vandyk

A BRIDE OF THE WEEK

The Hon. Marjorie Laura Pollock, whose marriage to Mr. W. L. Farrer will take place on Saturday next, January 16. She is the only daughter of the Master of the Rolls and Lady Pollock

E. O. Hoppé

MISS EDITH MACINDOE

Whose engagement to Captain Brian Robertson, D.S.O., M.C., was recently announced. Her fiancé is the elder son of Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson and Lady Robertson

An Audience at the Villa Ludovisi

I have said that Queen Margherita's knowledge of current English literature was surprising. After her widowhood, your Bystander had the honour of being received in audience by the late Queen at the Villa Ludovisi, which her son bought for her when he persuaded her to return to Rome, and not spend her life in an unavailing grief in the solitude of Stupinigi, near Turin.

Queen Margherita belonged to the old order. She could not understand monarchs dispensing with ceremonial. Personally, I think she was right. Kings and Queens, when all is said and done in the name of democracy, *are* Kings and Queens, and not Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Dodds from round the corner, and when a King opens

Vandyk

MISS MOLLIE WALSH

Whose marriage to the Hon. Robert Southwell will take place at St. Mary's, Cadogan Place, next Tuesday, January 19. Her fiancé, who is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Southwell, is a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy

Alfieri

A FAMILY "MEET"

Miss Griselda Grant-Forbes, Miss Angela Grant-Forbes, Mrs. Grant-Forbes and Miss Rosemary Grant-Forbes ready for the run. The photograph was taken at a recent meet of the Old Surrey and Burstow at Ardenrum Hall, near Lingfield

his own front door to you as the King of Italy did recently to a friend of mine, the effect is much more Gilbertesque than effective—a sort of "running little errands for the Ministers of State" idea.

So at the Villa Ludovisi there was the old ceremonial of the Quirinal—a bow at the doorway as one's name was announced, a bow in the middle of the room, and a bow as one kissed Queen Margherita's hand. With that, formality ceased. A heavily jewelled hand indicated a chair close to her own, and a "*Prego, prego, s'accommodarsi,*" commanded you to be seated. At that audience Queen Margherita talked much of Thomas Hardy's novels. She said there was much in his Wessex characters that reminded her of the people in the Val d'Aosta. And she confessed that she had never been able to understand the first chapter of George Meredith's *Diana of the Crossways*. I said I had never met anybody who did understand it, whereupon she smiled radiantly, saying:—

"That is good news. I thought it was my stupidity over an unusual form of English."

She spoke of many other English authors—much nearer to-day than Hardy or Meredith—with a knowledge and criticism you don't get from many Englishwomen.

Queen Margherita achieved one triumph which, so far as my knowledge of history goes, has never been gained by any other Queen. There was a rabid Republican called Carducci, a brilliant poet, but a bitter opponent of the monarchical idea. Circumstances forced him to see Queen Margherita. Her charm, her vivid interest in the Italian people, and her regal graciousness turned the rabid Republican into her most devoted admirer, and he made what amounted to a public recantation of his former opinions in a poem which he called "An Ode to the Queen."

Alfieri

IN THE PADDOCK

Sir John and Lady Grey on the look-out for potential winners at the recent steeplechases at Birmingham

W. A. Rouch

MR. WALTER BUCKMASTER

The joint-Master of the Warwickshire, who was injured whilst hunting at Ashton Cross recently

Prince Carol of Roumania

THE diplomatic folk are oddly reticent over the sensational news of the Crown Prince of Roumania renouncing his heritage, and going so far as to wish to be no longer considered a member of the Roumanian Royal Family. As a matter of cold, hard fact, Prince Carol's decision—whether it came spontaneously from himself or was forced upon him by a will which on two other occasions has proved stronger than his own—is for the future benefit of Roumania.

No king nor his sons can take sides in politics in these days. Pride of birth and position in an heir to a throne is incomprehensible to us moderns, and when that pride is asserted with arrogance, contempt and in silence to folk born in a lesser degree, the presages of future sovereignty are not hopeful. Prince Carol took a very definite side in politics. His pride of birth gained him the nickname of "The Snob" in Bucharest.

An Ultimatum?

THE future of Roumania could not be left in the hands of a man who at thirty has not yet learnt the first duties of the high estate and responsibilities to which he was born. Monarchs have to consider their dynasties, not individuals. The elder son of the late King Peter of Serbia was deprived of his succession to the throne because of his unfitness.

This history has been repeated in Roumania, but with this difference: it is the heir himself who has made the renunciation. If a letter your Bystander has had from a friend in Budapest tells truth, the young man was faced with an ultimatum—renunciation or deprivation by the Roumanian Parliament of his position of Crown Prince and the ultimate succession to the throne.

Topical

WATCHING THE HOUNDS

Some hunting enthusiasts who braved the well-nigh inevitable wet weather to watch the Quorn meet at Keyham. The photograph shows Mrs. Birkech with her little daughter (left), Mrs. de Trafford, Mrs. Audrey Coates and Lady Blandford

Sport and General

IS IT FAIR—

That whilst lawn tennis and light clothing are the ord.r of the day at sunny Cannes—

—And sport in the snow and sunshine is the daily round at St. Moritz—

Keystone

A Third Heir

THE birth of a son to Mrs. R. A. L. Balfour gives the Earl of Balfour a great-nephew and a third heir to his own peerage, which by special remainder goes to his brother, Mr. Gerald Balfour, the father of Mr. R. A. L. Balfour. Mr. Gerald Balfour apparently has not his brother's devotion to Scotland, for he makes his residence in Surrey.

Changes in the Law

WITH the New Year the Lord of the Manor disappeared, after being in existence since the Conquest, and with him have gone many quaint old customs, rights and privileges in country existence. Although the original significance of some of these customs has passed away, they added to the picturesqueness of things, and stood for the continuity of history. But there doesn't seem any more room for them, and we shall have no more Lords of the Manor demanding tolls or exercising their ancient authority.

Another change in the law which many people have not yet grasped is that affecting the estates of people who die intestate. If the intestate person leaves a husband or a wife, he or she has what are called the "personal chattels"—that is, plate, furniture, pictures and all household things. Then they have £1000 free of death duties, and the income from what is left, for their lives. If there are children, the widow or widower has half the income, the other half going to the children. After these new rights of husband or wife are satisfied, the residue of the estate is to be held in trust for the children, and if there are no children the estate will be divided among the nearest relatives of the intestate person, presumably at the death of the surviving husband or wife, since they are to have the income from the estate for life.

I'm not a lawyer, but it seems to me that this new law will be of great advantage to widows or widowers whose husbands and wives own property which must

Farringdon Photo Co.

—WE AT HOME HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS?

The Government has been in office for over a year now, yet Mr. Baldwin appears unable to say anything or to do anything which will lighten the burden of the correct meteorological reports and make the Clerk of the Weather ca' Cannes-y with the rain and give us a sample of the Riviera weather. Whilst still groaning under the burden of the coal subsidy, we are now threatened with a subsidence all over the country. Can the Government do *nothing* to save us from this Rain of Terror?

pass to children at their death. As we all know, there are many cases of men and women being left in the most straitened circumstances by the death of a spouse owning property which is bound to go to the children. I don't know whether the new law will override such arrangements, but if it does all that owners of such property have to do is to refrain from making a will, and their widow or widower will have either half or the whole of this income for life. That should be an interesting point for the lawyers.

The Jeweller's Mistake

IMITATION pearls are so cleverly made nowadays, that it is often difficult, even for an expert, to tell the difference, as witness the following. A little time ago an amateur expert was sitting next to a lady at dinner. She wore a string of pearls of remarkably fine lustre. He expressed his admiration, whereupon the lady told him they were imitation. This he could not believe, and after dinner asked to be allowed to have the pearls in his hand. Their weight, and various other signs by which your expert tells the real from the sham pearl, confirmed his first opinion.

The lady at first was much amused, but as the expert insisted on the genuineness of her string, and told her it was worth many hundreds of pounds, she grew rather annoyed, and told him he was talking nonsense, as she had only given £30 for it.

He was sure he was right; she was sure he was wrong. So, to settle the matter, he asked her to go with him the next day to the jeweller from whom she had bought the string.

When they arrived in the shop, the man who had sold the string of pearls to the lady nearly embraced her. The amateur expert was right. The jeweller had a string of real pearls and a string of imitation pearls, practically identical in colour, length and in the graduated arrangement of the stones. By some mistake the real one had been sold to the lady in place of the imitation one, and, as she had paid for it on the spot and taken it away with her, the unfortunate jeweller had no means of tracing her whereabouts.

There's one point in this little true history that I have not heard mentioned, and that is, what were the real feelings of the lady towards the amateur expert? Did she appreciate his knowledge and insistence, or did she not?

For Housekeepers Only

STAYING in a country house, your Bystander was much struck by the cover thrown over his bed in the daytime. It was the same colour as the window curtains and the covering of the furniture, but whilst they were of some absolutely plain material, the bedspread had an elaborate pattern of lines and flowers all over it. At first I

L. N. A.

SKIERS THREE

Three ski-ing enthusiasts at Mürren afford the photographer a chance to get busy before they set off again. The group shows: Miss Dora Fox (left), Lady Raeburn and Mr. Tristram Eve

G. P. U.

ON THE "FAIRWAY"

A photograph taken near the foot of the famous Cresta Run which is now in excellent condition. The group shows: Colonel Warwick Wright, Mrs. Warwick Wright and Lord Northesk

Sport and General

GRACE ON THE ICE

Lady Dashwood giving a graceful display of skating at St. Moritz. She is seen executing a backward outside edge

Sport and General

AN ENGLISH CONTINGENT

A group of English visitors at Sils Maria caught by the camera whilst out for exercise. The group shows: Mr. A. Markham (left), Lady Hamilton, Sir George Hamilton, Capt. P. Chaplin, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Gordon Maxwell and Miss Maxwell

G. P. U.

STYLE IN SILHOUETTE

A striking photograph taken at the rink of the Suvretta Hotel, St. Moritz. The figure in the foreground is that of Mr. Adams, the famous instructor, who is seen giving an exhibition of figure skating

L. N. A.

A TWO IN HAND

Lady Bury and her elder daughter, the Hon. Cecilia Keppel, going strongly on the rink. The photograph was taken at Sils Maria

thought it was a piece of brocade, but my hostess told me it was linen, and not so long ago had been a tablecloth!

With the polished dining-table now so much in vogue, she found that she had a pile of large tablecloths, useless and unused, in her linen cupboard, and as she is never going to use such things again, let fashion decree what it may, she had the idea of having these cloths dyed to match the curtains and furniture in the bedrooms and using them as bed-spreads. The result is most effective, and likewise economical, therefore I mention it in case anybody with a linen cupboard gorged with tablecloths may care to follow the example.

An Unpleasant Joke

I HAVE just heard of a particularly unpleasant practical joke which was played upon several young men at a country house. One evening, after a day's shooting, one of the young men during dinner, after fidgeting about in his chair, suddenly left the room murmuring some excuse. In a little while another followed him; then another; and yet another. Not one of them returned.

Shortly after the ladies had gone to the drawing-room the host appeared and called his wife out of the room. When she came back she was very angry, and demanded which of her woman guests had done this "foolish, cruel thing."

The "foolish, cruel thing"—and very aptly named—was the sewing of pieces of brown paper saturated with mustard into the nether garments of the unlucky young men! But the "jest" isn't new. Years ago the same cruel trick was played upon men staying in a big house by a lady, then unmarried, whose name is now very much to the fore in the worlds of society and politics, and amongst those who have

L. N. A.

A REST BY THE RINK-SIDE

A group taken during an "easy" at the rink at Sils Maria. The photograph shows: Lady Rasch (left) with her daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Petre, Lady Mildred Fitz-Gerald and her daughter, Miss Jean Follett, and Miss J. Barry

G. P. U.

A FAMILY OUTING

Sir George and Lady Lewis with their son, Mr. George Lewis, skating on the Suvretta Rink. Mr. Lewis is a bronze medallist

written their reminiscences. Only she sewed in mustard plasters!

I don't know what happened to the perpetrator of brown paper saturated with mustard, but the lady I have just mentioned was requested to leave the house by the first train the next morning, there being no train that night.

Another Campaign

THE success in bringing about Prohibition seems to have inspired some of the women's organisations in America to further flights of restriction. This time they are not content to keep their efforts within their own borders. Mrs. John Henderson, the widow of a United States senator, has determined to wage a world-wide battle against the wearing of short skirts and cigarette-smoking by women. To this end she has already enlisted the aid of "three powerful women's organisations" in the States, and is going to appeal to the "social leaders in the United States, Britain, France and other European countries."

Mrs. Henderson wants to see "broad skirts of ankle length for street wear" instead of fashions "dictated by the underworld of Paris." Her plan is to "teach women and girls that the best women of any country, as, for example, the members of the English Royal Family, do not follow the fashions of women's apparel when they offend good taste."

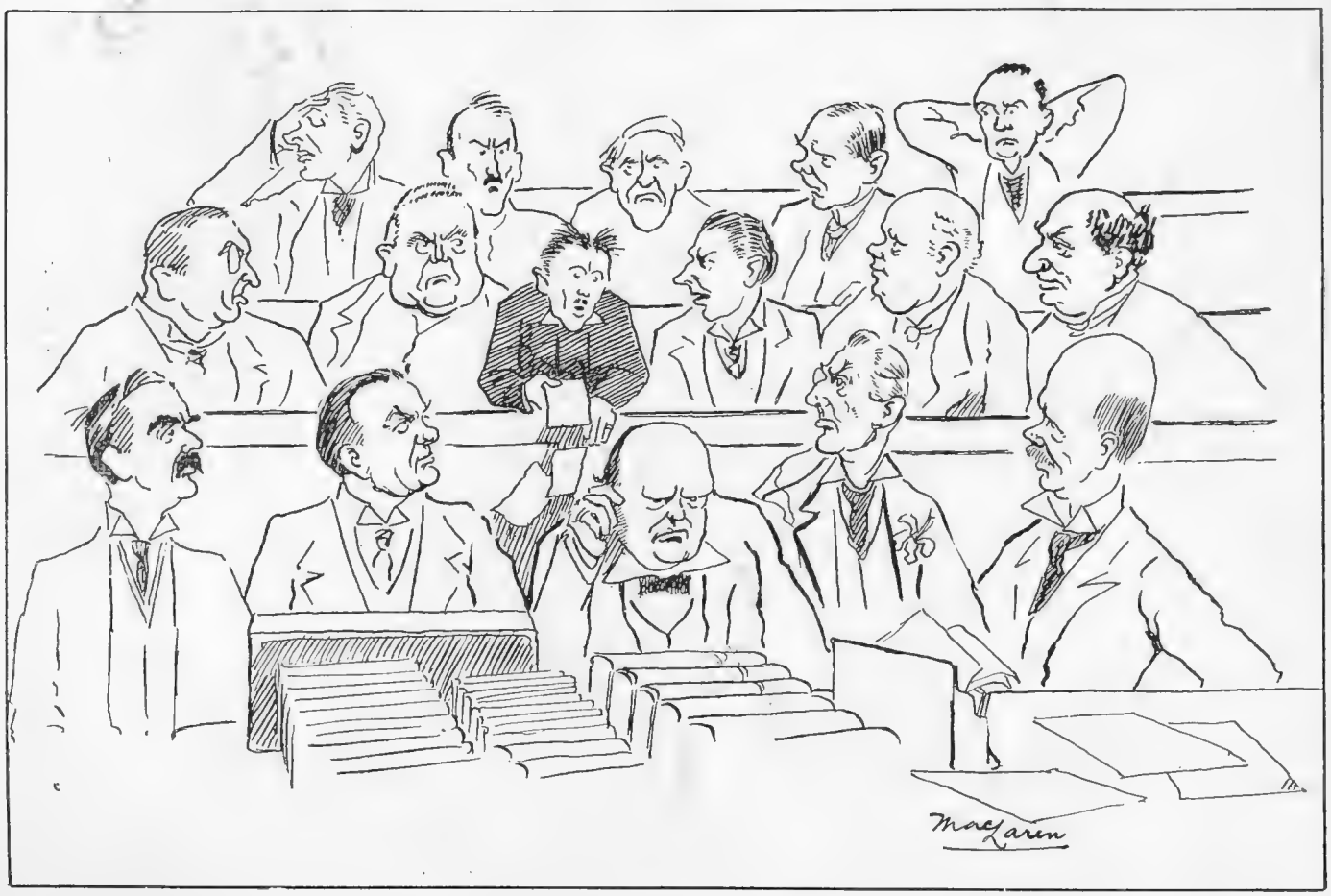
Myself, I should imagine that long before the campaign could achieve any good—even if such a thing were possible—Fashion itself will have made the American lady's plan for the fuller clothing of her sisters hopelessly out of date. If all one hears from Paris is true, the dressmakers are beginning to think that knee-length dresses have been in vogue quite long enough.

A TENNIS TOURNAMENT IN NATAL *F. Hamm*

When the English Tennis Team visited Natal recently, they played a tournament at Estcourt, and, after some exciting games, won by six matches to two. The photograph is of the two teams and was taken before play began—hence the cool appearance of all! The names are (back row): Miss Brown (left), Mr. P. D. Jackson, Miss Parker, Mr. Eames, Mrs. Watson, Mr. Summerson, Mr. Crole-Rees and Mrs. Lowe. Centre: Miss Ridley (left), Miss Colyer, Mr. Garbutt, Miss McKane, Mr. Hatton, Miss Harrison and Miss Heine. Front Row: Mr. Godfree, Mr. Peacock and Mr. Eaglestone

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES By ANDREW MACLAREN, M.P.

THE TRIALS OF REGINALD POTTS, MEMBER FOR NODDLEBANK



No. 1.—The Maiden Speech

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

THE BOOKMAN TREASURY OF LIVING POETS.

(Edited by A. St. John Adcock)

Poets are funny things!
One poet sings
Of how his lady has proved more than kind.
In fact, he indiscreetly lifts the blind
Upon the bedroom of his soul,
And, from the open window, he looks down
Shouting his indiscretions to the town;
While we, who stand without,
Wonder what all the bother is about.
Another poet sings
A song of hopeless passion,
In quite a pleasant fashion;
And, as we place his volume on the shelf,
We wipe an eye,
And wonder why
He didn't keep his troubles to himself.

There are the Sitwells—
Edith, Osbert and Sacheverell—
Each one a poet,
And don't they let you know it!
Listen to this—
It's much too good to miss:
"In the drawing-room,
The fireplace is set
With green tiles
Of an acanthus pattern."
Damned good!
Belloc and Chesterton
Are much more fun.
If England were a piece of bread and cheese
Set in a sea of ale,
Such men as these
Would be imperialists.
They'd bang their fists,
And foreigners would quail.
If England were a pewter pot—
But it is not!

* * *

Hodgson and Housman—Walter de la Mare!
Here, in this book, are poets, and to spare.
Platoons of poets, bursting into song;
A gallant company, two hundred strong.
Two hundred poets, mustered in review:
Kipling, Le Gallienne, Newbolt, Noyes and "Q."

Two hundred singing birds, upon one bough:
But, tell me, St. John Adcock, where art thou?

TO LORD BIRKENHEAD.

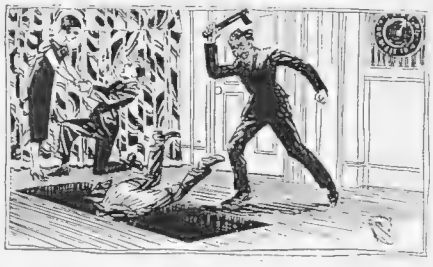
(Reproved for his vigorous debating in the House of Lords.)

My noble lord, I'd be the last to grieve you—
What lark could pipe to guys so dull and grey?
But, if you please, one quiet hint I'll leave you:
As from to-day,
Be kind, my lord, and let who can be clever!
Life's a Corona and a dinner bell.

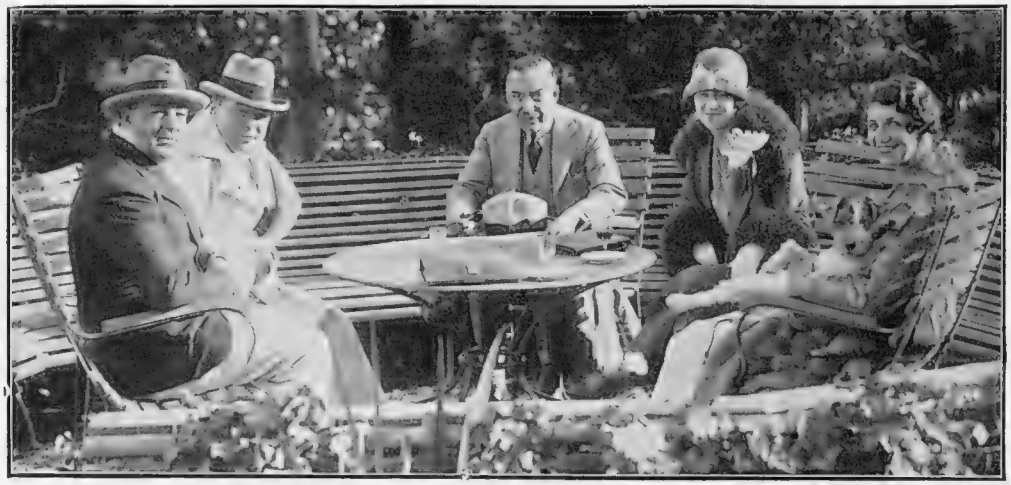
Sleep with your peers—they are your peers, remember.
My lord—farewell!

"NO. 17."

You don t know Ben?
Blimey! 'E is a one!
The things 'e does an' dares
Within that 'Ouse of Death!
No wonder 'e gets out of breath,
Climbing them stairs.
'E was in the Marine,
Same as Jim an' me;
That's why we went to see
No. 17.
See, it's like this:
Old Ben, bein' broke,
Gets in this empty 'ouse
Just for a joke.
Well, 'e finds a corpse



Wot 'as bin 'it on the 'ead,
But ain't really dead.
Then, all them crooks appears,
An' the corpse disappears.
Gone! Not a trace!
You should 'ave seen old Ben's face!
Laugh? Not 'arf!
Well then, old Ben
And the copper's nark,
They 'angs about in the dark,
And gets their 'ooks
Into them crooks.
Gets well on their track,
And then the corpse comes back!
Mind yer, still in the dark!
Well, the copper's nark
Sez to old Ben:
"Look 'ere, you clear!"
Old Ben sez: "Wot about you?"
"Oh!" sez the nark,
"I'm goin' to see it through."
Ben sez: "I'm comin' too!"
Well, they shakes 'ands—
Ben and the nark,
There in the dark,
While we cheers like fun;
And before they've done,
They saves both girls,
Gets back the pearls,
The crooks is done brown,
And the curtain comes down.



L'HEURE D'APERITIF *Sport and General*

A photograph taken at the Beau-Site Lawn Tennis Tournament at Cannes at the social hour. The group includes: Mr. Leigh Falkiner, Capt. Dennis Larking, Mr. Muir Mackean, Mrs. Dennis Larking and Mrs. Michael Grogan

Sport and General

A POLO PAIR

Col. and Mrs. Pattisson photographed on the polo ground at Cannes

The Riviera Week by Week

Nobody could possibly have grumbled at the weather which accompanied the end of 1925 and the beginning of 1926 on the French Riviera, not even the umbrella merchants, for they were doing a brisk trade in sunshades. Spectators at the Beau-Site tennis tournament at Cannes actually complained that the sun was too hot, and looked for seats in the shade, and I never saw a Cabinet Minister look half so cooked as did the Earl of Birkenhead, in a pale yellow sweater, after a long and very strenuous match in the men's doubles. Shade temperatures have often varied between 65° and 68° Fahrenheit around luncheon time, and an enormous crowd thronged the famous "Sunshine Beach" on New Year's Day to witness the aquatic sports, in which sixty competitors took part. The sea was evidently of a pleasant warmth, and the swimmers included well-known residents and visitors of both sexes and a wide range of ages, and the games on the sands were quite suggestive of summer-time. The country is looking most charming, and the golden mimosa is already becoming plentiful on the hillsides. With such brilliant days, glorious sunsets over the Esterels, and clear moonlit nights, it has been a wonderful week. The only floods we have had on this coast have been floods of sunshine!

The stream of visitors from the north continues without any sign of slackening off. The Marquess and Marchioness of Sligo are among the many who are motoring south, and they propose to spend six weeks on the coast. Others who have arrived are Lord and Lady Carson, President Cosgrave—who has been at Nice lately and occasionally runs over to Cannes for the day—Sir Edward Stracey, sent south for his health and staying at the Gallia Palace at Cannes with Lady Stracey and the children, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, who is completing her convalescence at Monte Carlo, Lady James Douglas, another recent invalid rapidly recovering under the influence of the sunshine, and Sir Edward Stern, who has arrived at the Carlton at Cannes with his bride, formerly Miss Sybil Tuck.

Mrs. W. J. Locke gave a dance for young people only at her villa last week, and, needless to say, it was a huge success. Her guests included Admiral and Mrs. Barton, General Gervase Power, Prince Krassinsky (son of the Grand Duke André), Lady Hulton and her daughter and Sir Edward Hulton, Lady (Arthur) Pearson, Lady Wavertree and her daughter and niece, Captain Philippi, the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, General Goudime-Levkovitch and his daughter, and Captain and Mrs. Chadwick.

Alfieri

AT THE RACES

Squadron-Leader Manning with Miss Stevenson, at the first day of the Meeting at the Hippodrome du Var, Nice

IN BATTLE ARRAY *Sport and General*

The Hon. Graham Murray walking to the courts at Cannes with the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher. The latter was defeated by D. M. Greig in the fourth round of the singles

As an indication of the progress of Cannes, it is worth recording that the receipts at the *baccarat* rooms for December were 300,000 francs higher than for the same month last year, and every hotel and restaurant has a similar tale of increased prosperity to relate. There were 700 guests at the New Year's Eve gala at the Ambassadeurs, among them the Earl and Countess of Derby, the Earl and Countess of Birkenhead, Lord Waring, Sir John Ganzoni, Lord and Lady Dunedin, Prince Colloredo-Mansfield, Princess Ghika, the Rajah and Rance of Pudukota, Baron Schroeders, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Locke with a large party, Baron de Meyronnet de St. Marc, the Duc and Duchesse de Durazzo, and Major and Mrs. Faudel-Phillips. The gala at the Carlton was the biggest they have ever had at that hotel, and probably the jolliest, and at the Beau-Site there were over 400 guests at a great fancy dress ball.

(*Continued on page 74*)

A Sargent Masterpiece

"CARMENCITA"

The striking study of a Spanish dancer by the late John Sargent, R.A. It has been loaned by the Luxembourg for exhibition in the Sargent Memorial Exhibition, which opens at the Royal Academy on Thursday next, January 14

By courtesy of the Musée du Luxembourg, Paris

THE Nice Races began on January 3rd, and the motor traffic from all parts of the Riviera astonished even the natives, who were prepared for a big rush after the experiences of last year. The meeting looks like making a fresh record, and well-known sportsmen and noted horses from all parts of the Continent are on the spot. There are many interesting visitors in Nice just now, among them Sir Thomas and Lady Talbot Power, Sir Charlton and Lady Briscoe, Miss Rebecca West and Professor Voronoff, the monkey-gland scientist, who creates a mild sensation with his striking negro attendant and his magnificent Danish boar-hound.

Sport and General

TOURNAMENT TIME AT CANNES

Lord Charles Hope and his partner, Miss E. Petchell, on their way to play a match in the Cannes Lawn Tennis Tournament. They were knocked out in the second round by D. M. Greig and Mrs. Satterthwaite

Sport and General

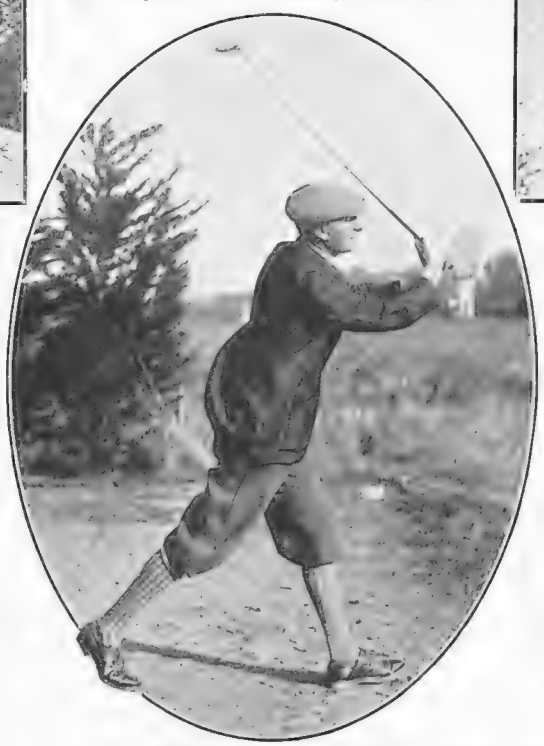
IN THE SUNSHINE

Lady Walpole and Miss Marie Seton on their way to watch the tennis at the Beau Site Club, at Cannes

MONTE CARLO is booming, and as something like forty liners are calling here during the season in the course of their pleasure cruises, we are not likely to have any shortage of visitors at any time. The social event of New Year's Day was, of course, the reception given by that most delightful of hostesses, the Baroness Orczy, and her genial artist husband, and everyone of note turned up at the Villa Bijou during the afternoon.

HYERES is seeing a good deal of the officers of the American squadron from Toulon as they are often over for golf or tennis. Many were present at the Christmas and New Year's Eve dances, and felt quite at home among the numerous naval and ex-naval British officers who are staying here. The gala dinner at the Albion was very cheery, and the wintry decorations in the ball-room were much admired but in no way chilled the atmosphere. Captain Daniel had among his guests Admiral and Mrs. C. Napier, and Commander and Mrs. Shaw. At the Hotel des Palmiers, where Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Maclachlan are staying, there was a novelty in the form of a gymkhana which, when the great moment arrived, turned out to be most ingeniously organised and amused everyone greatly.

THE weekly competitions at the St. Raphael Golf Club provide plenty of interest for members and their friends, and the Dewar Cup bogey competition takes place on the 19th. As an indication of the large number of visitors now in St. Raphael it may be mentioned that it has been found necessary to hold two services instead of one on Sunday mornings at St. John's Church, the existing seating capacity having proved inadequate.



Topical

THE "ROUND" GAME

Lord Whitburgh driving off at the start of a round. The photograph was taken on the links at Mandelieu

SIR ERNEST and Lady Wills have returned to the Villa Oiseau Bleu at Menton, which they bought last year, and have a house-party for the holidays. Sir Mancherjee Bhowanagree, Sir Sigismund Mendl, Mrs. Tatham and her daughter (staying with Countess Apponyi at the Villa Iberia), and Major and Mrs. J. H. Douglas are also at Menton, and there was an interesting little ceremony the other evening when General Marjoullet presented Mrs. Thomas B. Whitney with a Cross of the Legion d'Honneur in brilliants at the headquarters of the Anciens Chasseurs Alpins. The annual meeting of the Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club took place recently, Colonel Agar, Colonel Stephenson, Major Hopkins and Mr. Moffatt being elected to the committee. A long list of members has been published, and the club championships and schoolboys' tournaments are taking place this month.

Alfieri

OFF TO THE COURTS

Lord and Lady Dunedin, who were interested spectators at the recent Lawn Tennis Tournament on the Beau-Site courts at Cannes

THE Riviera season has now reached that stage when it is quite impossible to attend half the countless entertainments and sporting events which are being held daily, and up to the present we have been extremely fortunate in having almost ideal weather, with one or two small exceptions which only served to remind us how unsettled and unpleasant the days had been in other less favoured parts of France—to say nothing of Great Britain!

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

With the Hounds in the North and South

Photograph *Alfieri*

A CAMERA "CHECK" FOR THE WEST KENTS

A photograph taken at Beechmount House, Sevenoaks, the residence of Capt. and Mrs. Scott, at the "After the Ball" meet of the West Kents. The group includes: Captain and Mrs. Scott, the Misses Sheila and Heather Scott, Master Tony Scott, Mrs. Battiscombe, Mrs. Lambard, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Fox, Mrs. Burnaby Atkins, Mr. Dawson and Mr. Underwood

Photographs

YOUTH TO THE FORE WITH THE PERCY

Lord Hugh Percy, the second son of the Duke of Northumberland, ready for the fray. The photograph was taken at the meet of the Percy Foxhounds at Alnwick

Sport and General

The Duchess of Northumberland with Lady Diana, Lady Betty and Lord Richard Percy watch the hounds at the first covert

Produced December 23, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THERE can hardly be a more elaborate or more satisfying entertainment than this, in Town, at the moment. In spite of the generous interludes of song and dance and scenic effect, the old story runs coherently through the show to its appointed end. Many of the lighting effects are both ingenious and beautiful, and the ladies of the chorus are simply lovely. The humorous department, always essential to the success of a pantomime, has been well looked after. There is, to begin with, Mr. Charles Austin, who hurries on the stage in a business-like way as if daring anybody to laugh at him, and then looks painfully surprised at the roars that greet his inconsequential sallies, as if he had really no intention of provoking such a lot of noise. Then there is Mr. George Mozart, who is an all-round comedian, accustomed to hold an audience single-handed, and who here has ample scope for his talents as the traditionally penurious parent of Cinderella and her Ugly Sisters.

THE pantomime opens on quite a charming note. The first scene is "The Workshop of the Story-Book Maker" (not to be confused with the other kind of book-maker, who is only a story-teller). The Story-Book Man is Mr. Gordon Terry, who is made up like a character from Hans Andersen, with the Teutonic pipe thrown in. He is surrounded by a group of merry children who call for their favourite pantomime heroes, and prove by their choice that we are not, after all, entirely indebted to Copenhagen, or the Brothers Grimm, for our fairy lore. From behind screens the Story-Book Man produces Dick Whittington, who at least is English, and then Robinson Crusoe, who, also, is one of us. After these a cordial welcome is extended to such friendly aliens as Aladdin and Red Riding Hood, who are at least English by naturalisation, if not by birth. Finally, Cinderella, having been summoned forth, is unanimously voted as the favourite of the hour, and the pantomime becomes hers accordingly.

WITH the second scene we begin the story which in one form or another is probably as old as human history. The idea that the downtrodden individual may one day strike it lucky and get his own back from his oppressors, is a pious aspiration common to all races and all times, and that is, no doubt, the real reason why the story of Cinderella is so universally popular. The curtain rises on a wintry scene, with snow falling by cinematograph, and a fur-clad chorus pretending that winter is a jolly time. Then poor Cinderella, very thinly dressed in view of the inclement weather, strolls round the Squire's estate gathering faggots for the family kitchen fire, while the wicked Squire (all Squires are wicked nowadays) dashes on and snatches the sticks from her, and is most unsympathetic in every way.

NAUGHTON AND GOLD IN THEIR BOXING ACT.

THEN the usual bent and aged woman totters on, asking only for a few of the kind words that never die. Instead, the wicked Squire is positively abrupt with her, and would even have pushed her from his path if Cinderella, whose head just about comes up to his waistline, had not stepped forward and threatened him with personal violence. As soon as the wicked Squire has run off, scared doubtless by the look of Cinderella's fist, the old woman turns as usual into a young and lovely fairy, by the simple process of removing the comprehensive cloak that has hitherto shrouded her sparkling beauty from the vulgar gaze. Cinderella having been told that she can have whatever she likes to ask for, begins with a rather large order. She does not care for the wintry scene, and would prefer to have it removed. The good fairy is only too happy to oblige, and with a wave of her wand the scene changes to leafy June, with birds singing as noisily as the man hidden in the wings can make them do so with his chirrupy whistle. This is another startlingly beautiful scenic effect that rightly evokes a storm of applause.

CHARLES AUSTIN AS BUTTONS

THE Ugly Sisters are represented on this occasion by Miss Jennie Gregson and Miss Isabella Dillon. It is, of course, asking a great deal of a lady that she will kindly make herself look ugly on purpose; and although both these ladies have conscientiously striven to give themselves very commonplace looks, you cannot help noticing that underneath the disfiguring paint,

CLARICE MAYNE AND THE KIDDIES IN THE UKELELE LADY

and the horn-rimmed spectacles, are regular and attractive features. Apparently neither lady has had the courage to redden her nose, which is the sign manual of feminine inferiority. On the other hand, Cinderella herself has no need for artificial aids to beauty since, being represented by Miss Lennie Deane, she, as you might say, stocks the goods.

THEN there is Miss Clarice Mayne, who is just herself, which ought to be quite enough for any lady of her attractive quality. When Miss Mayne, who is the Prince Charming of the production, made her first appearance for the evening, a lady behind me remarked to her lady friend, "Isn't she *sweet?*" It is not, I believe, a general rule for ladies to admire the superior attractions of other ladies, so that in the face of an authoritative criticism of this kind, the approving comment of a mere male person like myself would be not only superfluous, but entirely impertinent. I am not altogether sure that a Prince Charming who is represented by a lady, however delightful, quite appeals to me, especially when there is any kissing to be done to other ladies. It always seems to me to be such a sad waste of the raw material. Miss Mayne's singing and dancing are prominent features of this joyous entertainment.

TWO knockabout comedians of an original type appear on the programme as "Naughton and Gold," and they very soon become responsible for a

THE SISTERS JENNIE GREGSON AND ISABELLA DILLON — CHARLES AUSTIN AS BUTTONS — GEORGE MOZART AS THE BARON.

MDLLE. ALBION IN THE CHANTLEER DANCE.

rich wave of shrieking laughter which rolls through the house like the sea that the poet ordered to break, break, break on its cold grey stones. Their first outburst of fun is a little set-to with the gloves, which is quite a marvel of dexterity. There is very little actual fighting, because although one of the boxers aims blows at his opponent from pretty well every point of the compass, the trouble is always adroitly dodged in time. Another very amusing scene is presented by these two comedians in a scene entitled "A Village Stores." They call each other "Mr. Swan" and "Mr. Edgar," the joke, I understand, being that some persons so named do actually run a business of some sort in the West End of London or thereabouts. This scene is full of the playful nonsense that we all love in pantomime, and I enjoyed every minute of it.

MR. CHARLES GULLIVER has given his patrons such a lot of good stuff for their money that it is quite impossible adequately to deal with this entertainment in the space at my command. But I ought to mention "Terry's Juveniles," a troupe of quite delightful children trained, I believe, by Mlle. Albion, who herself gives some graceful and interesting dances during the evening. The principal ballet dancer is Miss (or Señorita) Derra de Moroda, who expresses the poetry of motion, as all poetry should be expressed, in dainty feet—to say nothing about their alluring attachments.

ONE very gorgeous scene is the "Land of Make-believe"; and another is, as was to be expected, "The Prince's Ballroom." Here Miss Susie Belmore, in the part of Dandini, charms the surroundings with a fascinating song, "A Flower from an Old Bouquet," which has a most enthusiastic reception. Apart from its delicious humour, the pantomime is a glittering coruscation from first to last, and it will no doubt secure the gratifying success it surely deserves. JINGLE.

CHARLES AUSTIN AND THE HORSE (GUY AND BILLY SHANKS) — DERRA DE MORADA

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

Pink Legs and Russian Boots,
Hell's bells! I loathe you so!
I wouldn't give two hoots
For any who salutes
Those Brobdingnagian brutes
That foolish damsels show.
Pink Legs and Russian Boots,
Hell's bells! I loathe you so!

. . . . .

A CLERGYMAN complains that girls nowadays only wear about three articles of clothing. We suppose that nothing less than Thirty-nine Articles would content him.

. . .

THE report that Mr. Nelson Keys is to write his reminiscences in a sporting journal is denied. But another Nelson's Column in the Press would have diverted us.

. . .

FROM a Provincial paper: "Counsel declared that the prisoner had not got a lug to stand on." Surely someone in Court must have murmured, "'Ear, 'ear."

. . .

"HAVE you done your breathing exercises this morning, Bobbie?"

"No mother, I'm 'fraid I've been dodging the breath duties."

. . .

MANY actors have played in *Hamlet*; but assuredly more actresses have played in Aphalia!

. . .

A YOUNG nephew informs us that the pantomime he recently witnessed was mainly Idle Jack and the Old Beans' talk.

THREE sailors formerly in the submarine service have taken a public-house. An obvious title for their house would be The Pubmarine.

. . . . .

A WOLVERHAMPTON reader writes to us to say that it cannot be denied that the modern girl with all her failings outstrips her sister of twenty years ago!

. . . . .

"WHAT did good King Wence's lass look out for, daddy?"

"Probably for trouble, my boy."

. . . . .

ANCIENT SONGS FOR MODERN PEOPLE.

For the Stockbroker: The Holy City.

For the Actor: Here's a health unto His Majesty's.

For the Flapper: Wink to me only with thine eyes.

For the Spinster: The last rouge of summer.

For the Cricketer: Tom Bowling.

For the Socialist: I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls.

For the Reveller: There is a tavern in the town.

BY MACMICHAEL

A GAME OF PATIENCE

"When are you going to pay me?"

"As soon as I have cashed the cheque that my publisher will send me for the novel I intend writing as soon as I have the inspiration!"

SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT.

It was a winter's evening,
Old Gasper's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting "having one."
I need not add 'twas from a pail
Of Messrs. Older's golden ale.

* * *

Ah, Love! When all the Universe goes
Phut,
Will you not count yourself a silly
Mutt,
Should it be your sad lot to realise
You never smoked the only Crooked
Cut?

* * *

Wives of great men all remind us,
When we take our evening dress,
We should never leave behind us
Messrs. Fittem's Trouser Press.

* * *

Mary had a little lamb,
But spoilt it all, of course,
Because the girl forgot to add
Some drops of Johnson's sauce.

* * *

Oft in the chilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
I wish with all my might
Binks' blankets were around me.

. . . . .

"I HEAR that Jones has had his appendix removed."

"Ah, that must have gone against the groin," remarked a Cockney friend.

. . .

AN American journalist has disputed Gray's authorship of the famous poem. But we suspect he is merely pulling Gray's L.E.G.

. . .

A CERTAIN journal is offering a prize for the best short poem on the Thames. A case of setting the Thames a light verse competition.

. . .

THE Americans would not, when they could, buy rubber from English planters at a low price, as they hoped for a further slump. Now they are finding that their attitude then (thanks to the present boom) is almost a boomerang.

. . .

A WRITER of *vers libre* declares that he can only work at night. We gathered that he must spend a lot on his gas metre.

Wheel and Woe

BY THORPE

CONVIVIAL SOUL: "Sorry to trouble you constable, but while I've been inside some blighter s run off with my steering-wheel!"

A Winning Treble for the Thespian Stakes

Photographs

Miss Muriel Dunsmuir, a daughter of a former Governor of British Columbia, who is now acting in a film in Berlin. Her husband is Captain Molyneux, the famous dress designer

E. O. Hoppé

Miss Mary Montgomery, a child dancer of the Little Greek Theatre, New York. A great future is predicted for her, because of her clever interpretations of classical music

Navana

Miss Ruby Stewart, the clever young dancer, who is delighting the patrons of the Chez Henri Club by a wonderful exhibition of her talent

A BYSTANDER ABROAD—TABLE TYPES

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK*

WHEN you lose all the money you can afford at Monte Carlo this season, and a little bit more, don't go moaning about the Terrasse, or sit glumly outside the Café de Paris consuming *citronades* because they are cheap. You can take your mind off your bereavement quite effectually for some time if you march boldly back to the tables and watch the people at play, about to play, or having played. This will give you an insight into your own idiosyncrasies while so engaged, which is a chastening pursuit at all times and in all places.

Take, firstly, the crowd of well-to-do tourists that has swarmed in from the big cruising yacht lying out in the Bay. Most of them have not only never been to Monte before, but many have never played in Casinos anywhere. They do not know the unwritten but inflexible etiquette of the business, consequently they break all the laws of the game. They smoke in the big public *salon*, and are mystified when their sin is laid bare by a touch on the arm from a suave attendant. They lean heavily across the shoulder of a Greek merchant, who has just lost ten Louis and is muttering to his gods about it, to collect a hundred franc disc. Puzzled by the intricacies of Trente et Quarante they whisper interrogative remarks into the ear of a seemingly kindly stranger who is at that moment intent upon working out his (almost) infallible system to four places of decimals, and hates the very floor they are standing on. They dabble about on "*pair*" and "*manque*" for hours with 5 franc discs, keeping a "dead" table open, to the inarticulate rage of wooden-faced croupiers, who ache for their bock and bed.

They arrive like a plague of locusts; but as they depart *en masse* as quickly, the Monacians remain unmoved about it.

The inveterates, in and out of season,

"A man who wanders nonchalantly about the rooms"

always hold one enthralled. To my mind there is something grotesque and sinister in the composition of a man or woman who can spend several hours a day, during day after day of indescribably lovely Riviera weather, pushing discs on to squares and getting some back again—but not as many as they push—and making innumerable tickings and cabalistic signs in mysterious notebooks. There are, of course, certain people who live by and on their winnings at the tables. They are mostly women with heavily enamelled faces and ages you cannot guess with any accuracy. You can usually tell the extent of their day's losses by the size of the clefts in the enamel, otherwise, being trained habitués, they have attained that stoic poise which seems required of you when you are handing-over to the Principality the last half of your next quarter's rent. To be a real *joueur* your face must remain a mask, even when an interloper behind surges forward and steps emphatically on your most highly sensitive corn.

Then there are, of course, that miraculous race of people one can call "The Systemites." I have questioned many of them at various times about their systems and how they work, or don't work, as the case may be; and their outstanding quality seems to be a great and steadfast Faith. They explain to me much in the manner that one explains long division to a child, that under certain *given* circumstances of groupings of numerals certain *given* things are almost certain to happen *according to the law of average*. They lay great stress on the law of average. And when, as is usually the case, it

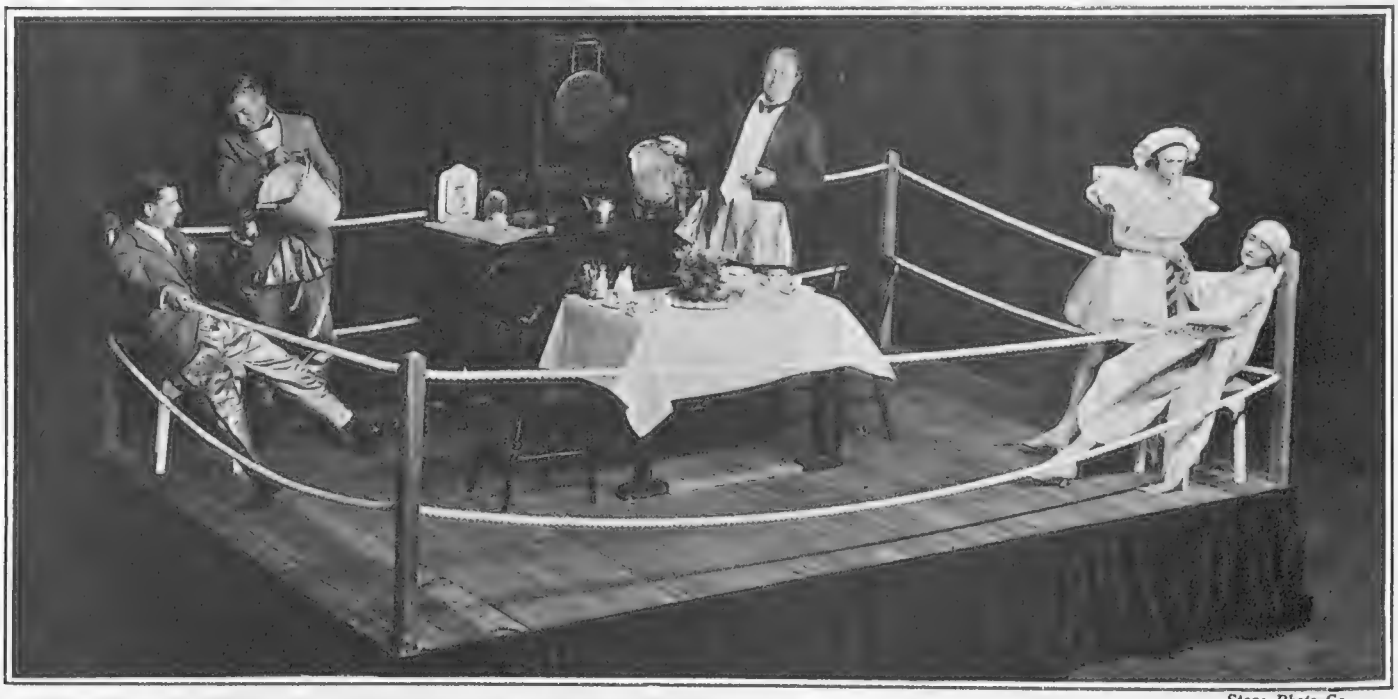
doesn't happen—then this naturally is the "exception which proves the rule." If you say "what rule?" they get really peeved with you, so it is better to let it go at that.

I always watch, humbly from an adjacent sofa, the *dilettante* despot. I mean the man (he usually has a beard and comes from South America) who wanders nonchalantly about the rooms with a huge cigar cemented into a corner of his mouth and a wad of thousand franc notes clenched in his fat hand. He will flick a folded one down on to a number, and have the temerity to stroll away to talk thickly to a friend. However well off I was, I could *never* leave tenners lying about like that unattended, could y o u? And this individual will wade in suddenly to the middle of a game of C h e m m y and s a y "Banquo!" without in the least, it seems to me, realising what he is up against. However, I suppose great wealth breeds great courage. Hence my highly nervous temperament.

But the most interesting people in the rooms by far (that is assuming you can switch your mind off yourself) are the *employés de l'Administration*. The bland, silent gentlemen who stand in doorways and watch the comings-in and goings-out of the whole world of crooks, cocottes, casual passers-by, cosmopolitans of every shade of colour and every standard of morals. They see more psychology in a month in those ever-open doorways than you and I would if we stood in Piccadilly Circus for a year. They are a race of unemotional men who cannot be surprised at anything—they wish they could: but they have got past that years ago. The liveried servants, too, who have a roving commission about the rooms; they see life in all its grades of caste and creed, and they never raise an eyebrow in approval or contempt, because to them there is nothing new under the sun, which they seldom see except through closed windows.

"Certain people who live by and on their winnings"

The dominant personalities in Monte, however, are the aloof, dehumanised croupiers—the men with miraculous hands, submerged souls and profiles which seem to be carved in teak. To right, to left, before and behind them, all day long and through half the night, palpitate all the emotions of the flesh though none of the spirit, and they are diabolically immune from contagion by contact with any s t r e s s of pleasure or pain known to man—or so it seems. Those fiendishly dexterous hands flick this way and that with not a half inch margin of error. Machines t h e y seem to be, not men. And in any case they don't count, these automata; we are not concerned with them. They are merely a means to an end. They rake our money away from us day after day. Sometimes they continue for quite a time to push the elixir of life towards us in little delicious heaps. And then we push a *bénéfice* towards them, quite a small one, like you push a bit of bun through the rails to the bear—which is really rather nice of us. But then, you see, we are all jolly good sportsmen, we players of the game at Monte. Don't you agree?



Stage Photo Co.

THE DAILY ROUND

Mr. Austin Melford and Miss Betty Chester, the principals in the breakfast "scrap" scene—one of the items in the Co-Optimists' eleventh new programme at His Majesty's Theatre—enjoying a "breather." The contestants also seem to have reached their eleventh round—hence the champagne from a bucket! The butler-referee—complete with dickey—is Davy Burnaby

THE BALCONY SCENE

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

Belinda's fair,
Belinda's vain,

She doth disdain
In fond despair.

Alas, 'tis plain—
Belinda's fair!

A GAME OF CONS

BY A. K. MACDONALD

ISEQUENCES

Her sister Prue
Demure and shy

Hath caught my eye,
Now what to do?

Egad! I'll try
My luck with— Prue!

"AS NOW WORN" BY M. MACMICHAEL

THE TWIN DIAMOND

By ALICE LOWTHER

Illustrated by MORSE

"His glance swept us, keen, ironic"

"TALKING of swindles," said Morison.

We weren't. We were discussing weddings. But habit and heat are great subjugators: we fell silent.

Morison lit his pipe. He looked like a demagogue with his high cheek-bones and thick hands. "The—neatest—swindle—of its kind—I've come across," he declared between the puffs. "You'd like to hear?" His glance swept us, keen, ironic. "It happened a month ago. A young fellow approached one of our leading diamond merchants. A personable fellow, well groomed, with a sleeked black head and a glib tongue. By name, Hirsch. He represented himself as private secretary to a foreign potentate who, for various reasons, preferred to remain incognito. This gentleman, on the eve of departure to his native land, and desiring to take with him a small souvenir, had commissioned his secretary to purchase a diamond. Hence, Mr. Hirsch's visit. The merchant—nobody but a head of the firm would content our secretary!—was a model of attentive assiduity. He had diamonds brought—many diamonds. The secretary glanced them through. More diamonds were requisitioned from the warehouse. The secretary's interest quickened. He showed himself critical, appreciative, a customer worthy of the firm. Finally, from the heap before him he selected a stone. Not large, mind, but flawless. 'The price?' '£4,000.' Mr. Hirsch nodded. 'All that remains then is that my Principal should see it. Perhaps you will be good enough to send it across to my rooms. At the Ritz.' The merchant hum'd. The Ritz was all right, but—er—with stones of that value—well—er—it wasn't usual. He hoped Mr. Hirsch would understand. Oh, certainly Mr. Hirsch understood. He laughed good-humouredly. 'Dear, dear! How foolish! I was quite forgetting,' and forthwith he produced a letter. A letter of personal recommendation from a Berlin diamond merchant, assuring his English *confrère* that Mr. Hirsch was a man of unimpeachable integrity who could safely be trusted to the tune of £5,000. 'That settles your doubts?' 'Doubts!' Our merchant deprecated the word. Business was business. One had to make rules. Still, the letter made a difference."

Morison's pipe had gone out. He fumbled for his matches.

"All the same," he said, "the merchant was no chicken. Though he knew the signatory of the Berlin letter, he was taking no risks. The diamond was delivered at the Ritz, but before that happened, one of the firm's private detectives had started sleuthing friend Hirsch. Later in the day, the secretary returned to the shop. He was in high feather. The stone, he said, was satisfactory. His Principal was delighted with it—so delighted, indeed, that he desired its twin: he wished to have ear-rings made up for his wife. The merchant was worried. He had—knew of—no twin; diamonds, good diamonds were exceedingly difficult to match. The secretary was sympathetic. Still, his Principal had set his heart on the ear-rings. An obstinate man—wealthy, though, and prepared to pay for his whims. The one diamond he would definitely buy. £4,000, wasn't it? Well, if its fellow were forthcoming, say, in five days—yes, the time was short; they were leaving England on Saturday—he would pay £10,000 for the two. Could not the deal be put through? £10,000, you know! Worth some trouble! The merchant bridled. £10,000? Impossible! Single, the stone might sell for £4,000, but two such stones, a perfect pair, would fetch £12,000. It might mean—it probably would mean cutting down a larger stone. Mr. Hirsch knew something of these matters, he would understand. Quite. Quite. Mr. Hirsch *did* understand; and though the figure mentioned exceeded that which he had been authorised to offer, he was convinced the matter could be arranged. Moreover, he had such confidence in the merchant that he was prepared himself to reassure his Principal. If a twin to the stone were procurable, procured it would be.

"The merchant, on his mettle, wasted no time. He immediately circularised all the diamond dealers in the City, sending to each a photograph and a description of the stone in Mr. Hirsch's possession. In the event of another such stone existing, he insured its coming in by an offer of £6,000. Pretty generous that, you know, for a diamond worth £4,000! And still leaving elbow-room for the merchant!"

Morison stirred the tobacco in his pipe and gazed meditatively into space.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

He was so long silent that we lost patience.

"Well, had any one such a stone?"

Morison nodded.

"A pawnbroker. The first glance at the circular brought him to his feet, the second sent him pounding to his shop in a sweat of excitement. 'By gum! What luck! Hi, Jenkins,' he yelled. 'Haul out that diamond you took in yesterday.' Together, the two men pored over the stone and circular, examining, comparing. 'It's it. It's the very thing,' crooned the pawnbroker. Visions rose before him—£6,000—a car—a trip to Margate—a sham tiara for his wife. The clerk at his elbow fidgetted, coughed. 'The owner may be here any moment, sir.' The master woke. He stared with jaundiced eyes at his clerk. What's that? The owner! Ugh! See here,' he hissed fiercely. 'You took it in. Who brought it? Eh?' The clerk made haste to answer. A thin, fair chap. Gave the name of Hedon. Brought it yesterday. Wanted a hundred quid for twenty-four hours. I told him he could have more. Said he didn't want it. Only needed a hundred quid till to-day.' A bell rang. The clerk sprang to the spy-hole. Good lord, sir. Talk of the devil! Here he is.'"

"You must be mad. It's not worth a penny more than £2,000"

Morison stroked his beard and smiled.

"A scene worth watching, that!" he said. "Do you picture it? The 'thin, fair chap' reclaiming his diamond, the fat pawnbroker, avid and apprehensive, and, hovering within easy ear-shot, the clerk. 'Would you care to sell?' asked the pawnbroker. The boy—he was little more—shook his head. 'I want it back. Here's the money.' The pawnbroker's hand closed over the stone. 'I'll give a fair price,' he wheedled. 'It's not for sale,' said the boy. The pawnbroker's huge paunch quivered with agitation, his lips were dry. 'I—I'll give £1,500,' he said at last. The boy laughed. 'Nothing doing. Here, let's have it. I want to be off.' He flung the money down on the counter, and held out his hand. 'What will you take?' '£6,000.' 'Eh? What?' screamed the pawnbroker. 'You must be mad. It's not worth a penny more than £2,000.' 'Don't care what it's worth. I tell you I'm not selling. Hand it over.' 'Wait,' said the pawnbroker. He placed the stone on the counter, but his fingers hung itching above it. 'I tell you what,' he whispered. 'I'll give you £4,000. It's not worth it, but my wife's taken a fancy to it.' In the end, the stone changed hands for £5,500. The boy wouldn't take less. 'I'd just as soon not sell,' he said. Alas for the pawnbroker's dreams! Car, trip to Margate, tiara—all smoke! Still, in these hard days £500 isn't to be sneezed at."

Again Morison fell silent. He was a man of irritating habits.

"Well?" I prompted. "Was the stone a good one? Did he get his money?"

"The stone was all right," said Morison. "But he didn't get his money. The merchant wasn't buying. He'd just had an interview with friend Hirsch. The foreign potentate, it seems, had been suddenly recalled to his own country. Was the stone found? No? Dear, dear. How unfortunate! Perhaps, under the circumstances, it would be best to cancel the order for the ear-rings, and pay down £4,000 for the stone already purchased. Agreed? Good. Out comes the cheque. Exit secretary."

"Hum!" said Davidson. "What did he get?"

"Who? The secretary? £1,500."

"I mean, at Court?"

"At Court! My dear fellow, haven't you followed? He'd broken no law. You can't prosecute a man for buying diamonds."

"You can for fraud. How about the pawnbroker?"

"He'd no case. What could he bring against Hedon? It's a free country. A man can pawn his shirt if he likes. True, the diamond was overpriced, but that was the pawnbroker's affair. There had been no misrepresentation. The boy only sold under pressure."

"You didn't finish your story," said Mrs. Davidson. "What happened to the pawnbroker?"

"Dismissed his taxi, probably, and returned home by 'bus. Unless he had a fit of apoplexy."

"And Hirsch escaped? Nothing could be done to him?"

Morison chuckled.

"Nothing. That's the beauty of it. A perfect swindle, flawless as his diamond. You don't appreciate Hirsch's qualities. For myself, I raise my hat to the man."

"So much the worse for you," snapped Mrs. Davidson.

"Was Hirsch his real name?" I interposed, hurriedly. "Did he leave the country?"

Morison glanced from one to the other of us. His smile never wavered.

"That I can't tell you. It was nobody's business to enquire. The man had broken no law."

"I call it a shame," declared Mrs. Davidson. "If a rogue like that goes free——"

"Tut, tut," said Morison. "A lady shouldn't malign the laws of her country. They are admirably adapted—for tripping fools. Hirsch doesn't come under that category. Hence, my tribute of respect."

"The Maid" in America

Nickolas Muray

MISS JOHANNA ROOS

A striking portrait of the actress who is playing the title rôle in "St. Joan" in America. The critics have been handing her many bouquets for her performance

Where the Play's Very Much

G. P. U.

CAVALRY IN ACTION

A photograph of Lord Nunburnholme (left), with Capt. and Mrs. Grosvenor riding to the Skating Carnival. This took place recently, on the Grand Hotel Rink, St. Moritz

Keystone

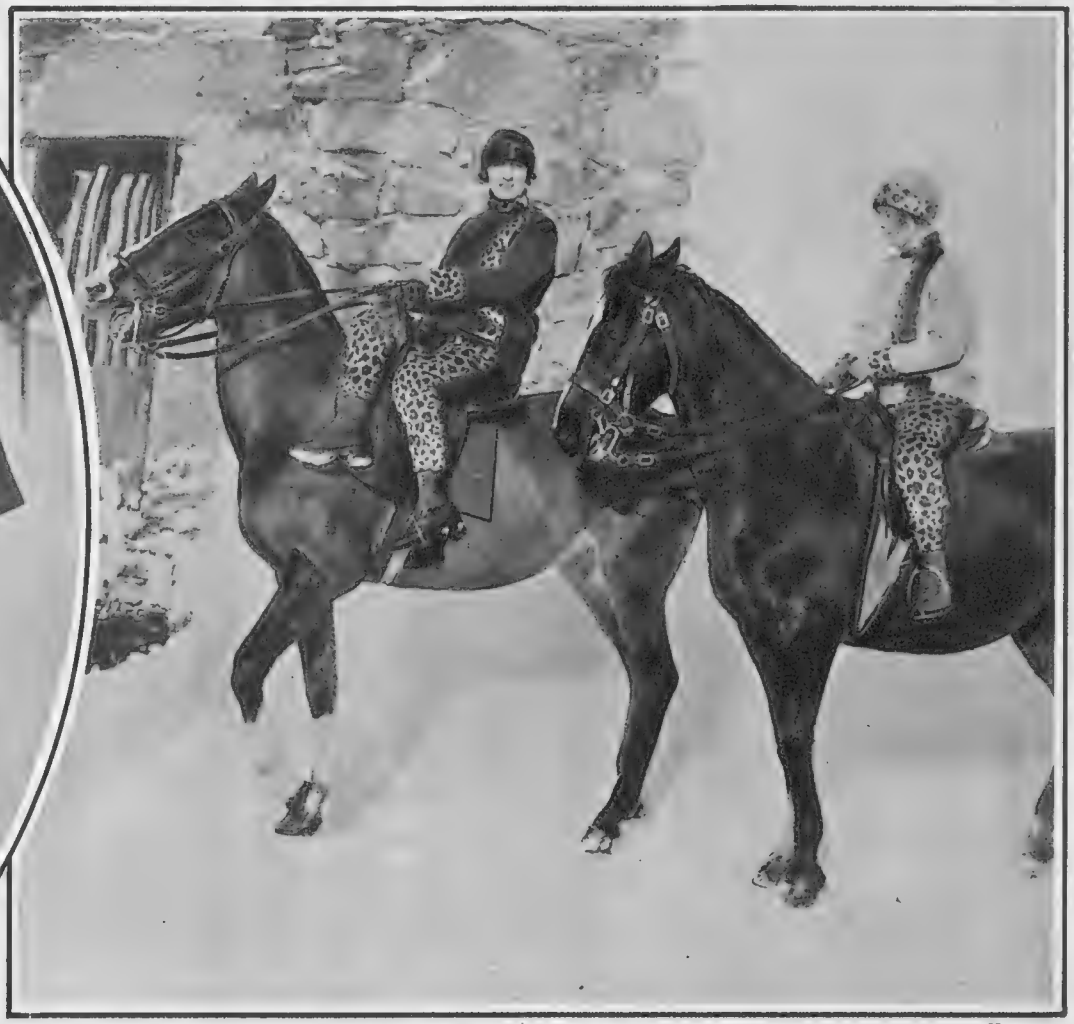
A CLEARANCE SAIL

A competitor making a good clearance in a ski-jumping contest. The photograph was taken at the Winter Sports Competition at Mürren

L. N. A.

SAFETY FIRST

Mr. Duncan Harvey makes certain that Miss Dora Fox's skis are properly fixed before starting off



Keystone

THE "SKIN-GAME" AT ST. MORITZ

The latest idea in Winter Sports fashions is trousers of leopard skin which keep the wearer warm—previous owner having no further use for same !

the Thing—in Switzerland

HANDS ACROSS THE ICE *G. P. U.*

Mr. Butlery and his party demonstrating the "get-together" spirit in skating, on the Grand Hotel Rink, St. Moritz

Sport and General

UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH

Mürren is to the skier what Mecca is to the Mohammedan. The photograph shows a ski-jumper in full flight

THE "LIONS" AT BAY *Keystone*

The London Lions' goalie falls during a scrimmage in front of goal. This was the first 'Varsity ice hockey match of the season and was played recently at St. Moritz

Sport and General

YOUTH'S FLING—ON THE ICE

Miss Kingsmill and Master Tony Ruffel performing the intricate evolution known as the "double tea-pot." This is a feat which often results in as many "spills" as its domestic prototype

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Imploring managers"

MES AMIS—

Now that the fashion of peculiar plays has been successfully started by Alfred Savoir's "*Le Dompteur, ou l'Anglais tel qu'on le mange,*" the weirdest Parisian production for years, it is natural to expect a run of the eccentric and the extraordinary. Competing for the rank of "brilliant second," has arrived already youthful M. Armand Salacrou, who has secured the presentation at that house of innovation, the Maison de l'Œuvre, of "*Tour à terre.*"

INCIDENTALLY, some of the older playwrights who accumulated a comfortable fortune between forty and sixty, but spent most of their days between twenty-eight and forty in imploring managers to stage their masterpieces, must feel rather jealous when they count up the number of present-day authors who are able to get their wares before the public directly after they have celebrated their twenty-first birthday. Salacrou, who is not yet twenty-three, is—unless my weakness for figures lets me down—the sixth of the band of running playwrights who have not yet reached the age of twenty-five. And yet *les jeunes* complain that it is difficult for them to break through. What do they want? All the stage of all the world and all at once?

"TOUR À TERRE" might mean anything. Mr. D. W. Griffith might easily translate it as "Broken Blossoms," Mr. George Robey as "Blasted Boyhood," and myself as the "Fall of the House of the Gusher." And yet the title is far clearer than many parts of the play. M. Salacrou obviously has a lot to say, and in places says it very well, even cleverly, but he has not yet added the coherence which comes with experience to the talent which surges through amid the confusion. After all, it would perhaps be better for themselves if *les jeunes* did not break through too soon.

SALACROU'S hero, Pierre, is a sort of little cousin of Hamlet. He is constantly taking us into his confidence, at what I find undue length, regarding the exact state of his soul at the moment of declamation, and when the idol Isabelle, to whom he has devoted his soul in all its states so long as she has given him the glumming gaze, offers him the realisation of his ideals he is unable to accept because his soul is torn with doubts. At the end he walks off alone to obscure destinies—precisely the right direction.

IN the balance-sheet of the recent festivities figures a strange item to the effect that the French people are refusing to eat snails. Now if this is thoroughly and impregnably true—and the information comes from very near to the shell—it is one of those epoch-making events for which we deserve an exhaustive and completely satisfactory explanation. What has the docile little snail done to bring about this sudden turning of the cold shoulder on the part of his best friend? Probably his price has gone up, but so has everybody else's price, and this is an age when an augmentation of price is more likely to make a luxury more desirable than otherwise.

I HAVE made inquiries from the *maîtres d'hôtel,* who have seen their most succulent kings of Burgundy refused, but they cannot account for the disfavour into which their vine-nourished pets have fallen. Thoughts of the sadness which will spread among the great snail colonies when they realise they have joined the great unwanted, almost overwhelms one with pity. With what

(*Continued on page 94*)

"Refusing to eat snails"

Enough to Make a Cat Laugh!

BY A. D. PHOENIX

"Well, I suppose we'd better part and forget"
"We will part, but don't ask me to forget. I have so little to laugh about!"

weariness they will plod their homeward way, bereft of whizz, and heavy-laden with disheartenment. Personally, although I have appreciated them even less as food than the legs of frogs, I deplore this faithlessness on the part of the consumer. It seems so utterly unmerited.

BURGUNDY, the province—and a very fine province, too—is obviously out of luck at present, for it has not been selling its wine any too well for some little time past. All the wine-growers, in fact, have had cause to complain since so many of their old markets were cut off by prohibitions and restrictions and by the slackening of consumption in existing markets through the tightening of purses. As a measure of helpfulness it was proposed that the *restaurateurs* should be induced to return to the old custom of *vin compris* with the meals, which would be likely to react on waning thirsts, but so far the idea has met with but little encouragement in the quarters concerned. With two such staple industries as snails and wine languishing under public neglect, Burgundy is deserving of sympathy. It is time for the valiant Mayor of Dijon to be up and doing.

"'C'est à moi, la voiture' he said"

THE Rue Nollet in Paris is a rather steepish street out Clichy way, the sort of dimly lighted street in which you feel anything might happen if you did not keep a close look-out for possible perils. I had just said *au revoir*, the other night, to a friend who lives there, when there was a crash of breaking glass, the rasp of splintering woodwork, and screams. A motor car smash, we assumed, and went to investigate. When we reached the first corner we found a Citroën, with nobody inside it, halfway into a baker's shop. The conclusion was that it had slipped its brakes and run down the hill on its own.

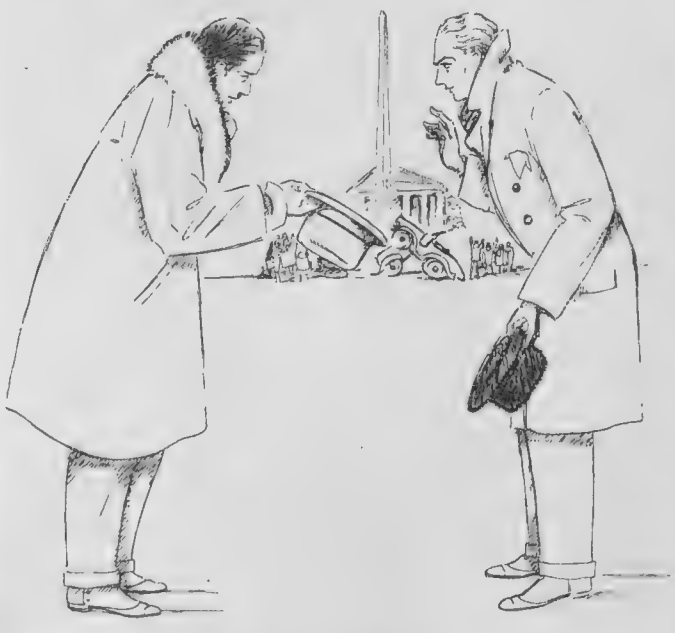
WHEN the owner appeared from a neighbouring apartment he became very cross, and insisting that his car never slipped its brakes and that somebody must have given it a push in the dark. He searched for the culprit in the crowd and the crowd at once appreciated that it was in for a good night's entertainment, particularly when the baker should arrive and demand explanations. They volunteered information to the owner of the car as to the baker's usual choleric temper, from their own knowledge.

AFTER about twenty minutes of this, the baker came down. The motorist, working on information received, thought it best to take the line of bravado. "*C'est à moi, la voiture,*" he said, drawing himself up. "*Ah, c'est à vous, Monsieur, la voiture; c'est à vous, ah,*" said the gruff-voiced baker. The crowd, fully tuned up, waited for the explosion. "*Alors,*" added the baker, "*nous prendrons un bock.*"

BROKEN in spirit, as men who have seen the favourite come in last, the crowd silently melted away. As for us, remembering the case of another shopkeeper who rushed out and shook the hand of an astonished motorist who had shattered his shop front, thanking him because he was able to get a better "front" out of the insurance company, we merely wondered who would get the most enjoyment out of that *bock*.

INSURANCE is a bond of union which may be regarded as the modern substitute for ancient chivalry. I saw a couple of owner-driven cars collide rather violently just off the Pont de la Concorde. Both drivers jumped from their seats and rushed for one another. It looked like a fight in prospect. But no. When face to face off came their hats. "*Excusez-moi,*" said one, "I was to blame." "*Pas du tout,*" insisted the other, "my fault entirely." One wonders if the respective insurance companies adopted a similar attitude towards one another.

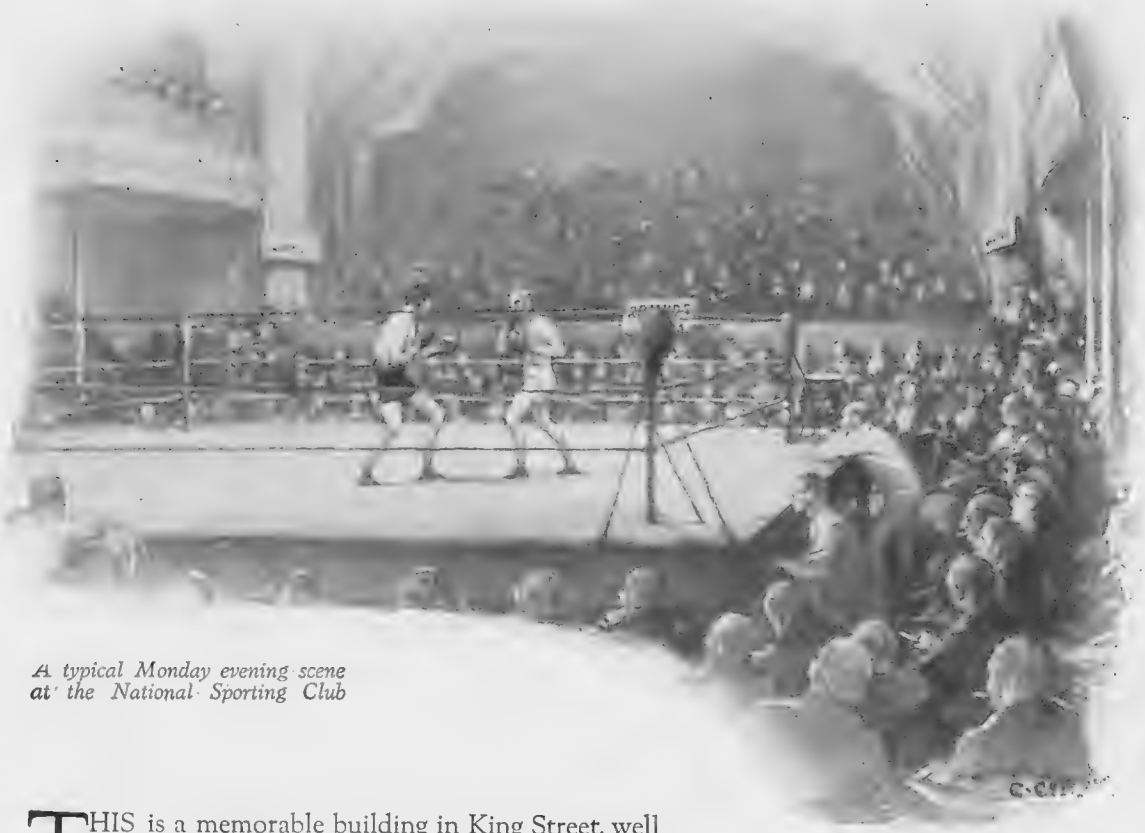
RENÉ.



"'Excusez-moi!' said one"

THERE is a proposal to build tennis courts near the Houses of Parliament for the use of M.P.'s. They might improve the manners of the Opposition: even a little tennis courtesy would help.

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD



A typical Monday evening scene at the National Sporting Club

THIS is a memorable building in King Street, well enough known before Mr. John Fleming and Mr. A. F. ("Peggy") Bettinson transformed it into the headquarters of professional boxing on March 15, 1891, reincarnating, as it were, the old Pelican in the National Sporting Club.

Here, where Peter Jackson met Frank Slavin for the World's Championship, Carpentier–Wells, and Jimmy Wilde–Joe Lynch, traditionally is the original convent of "Convent Garden." How Time loves incongruities! Here, they say, Claude Duval lay miserably imprisoned. Here was the first Cabinet Meeting held. Here the first London hotel.

Here, where the likely lads are gathered from every corner of the land of a Monday evening to prove their mettle in the squared circle, you turn from the cast of Tom Sayers' portentous right arm—truly there were giants in those days!—to see an Adam ceiling; marvel at a Grinling Gibbons mantelpiece; and meet on the wall the smiling eyes of Driscoll, the handsome, the debonair. Here the air is as heavy with old memories as with the resin of the ring. Here the centuries merge.

Since 1627 the Clubman's Whisky, chosen for its unswervingly high standard of quality, has been John Haig.

John Haig

THE FATHER OF ALL SCOTCH WHISKIES

ESTABLISHED 1627

By Appointment.

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Do You Believe in Fairies?

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"We have positively corrupted Paris"

LONDON, *January* 11.

DEAR COUSIN—

YOU remember that bit in *Peter Pan*—it's still running at the Shaftesbury, I believe, after its twentieth, or two hundredth, or two thousandth revival—where Wendy or someone suddenly ups and asks all those present in a loud voice "Do you believe in fairies?" To which the answer is, of course, and *ex officio* so to speak, in a tumultuous affirmative, that being so obviously expected and most of us in a Yes-ish mood around holiday time, though don't mind betting some even of the youthfullest contingent quite possibly hae their doots, these days.

BUT we all *do*, you know, really, however well-informed not to say cynical we may think or hope ourselves to be—even the youngest and cynicallest of us all in our very first evening frocks or dinner jackets, as recently promoted thereto in this Year of Grace 1926. As proof whereof see, for one thing, all the best and brightest things in the way of magazine stories and serials and such-like. Wherein the pretty but penniless typist nearly always marries an Earl—or anyway someone with an Estate and some Hunters—or at the very least and worst a Fortune made on the Stock Exchange and a Double-fronted House at Golders Green. And the handsome though hard-up hero puts it across the World's Heavyweight Champion with one hand tied behind his back, or invents a new process or something and is straightway promoted from junior clerk to manager at £10,000 a year.

SOME fairy-stories, *n'est-ce-pas?* And when it comes to the best best-sellers of the moment, methinks the Fairies are well-nigh equally bright and busy and on the *tapis*, keeping us brightly and busily aware that they're still carrying gaily on. As, *e.g.* and *par exemple*, in Mr. Gilbert Frankau's latest, *Masterson* by name, that's only just out this very moment, I believe—and is otherwise described as "A Story of an English Gentleman." Wherein strong, silent (and well-named) hero—aged forty, and 5ft. 10in. high, with powerful chest, tough sinewed neck, and big unclipped moustache down-curling from the strong well-cut nose—starts off by coming into a little fortune of £5,351,000 . . . oh well, let's just call it five millions, and dash the half-pence, as Mr. Mantalini put it, or words to that effect, what?

ALMOST forgot Abyssinia, by the way, which is real, of course, but sounds a bit like Fairyland in some of the fascinating descriptions in Mr. Frankau's *toujours* fascinating effort. And curiously enough, had only been reading about it just a few days ago in Rosita Forbes's latest, "From Red Sea to Blue Nile," wherein this intrepid *voyageuse* (as well as wearer of smart frocks at Ascot, etcet.) discourses sparklingly *comme habitude* of her caravanning adventures through the same strange land. And, odder still, Mr. Frankau's hero seems to have met there a travelling authoress who

> was talkative, and used a perfume which smelt a little like violets and lilies, and threatened to put Masterson in her book. So John Masterson fled. . . .

TALKING of books reminds me of rather a nice story I read in Sir Rennell Rodd's memoirs the other day—you know, the man who used to be our Ambassador in Rome. It's about the Kaiser—or rather the Marquis San Giuliano, the Italian statesman who was so much to the fore in those old wartime days. Have you heard—he asked Sir Rennell one day—the latest pronouncement made by the German Emperor? His Majesty has been graciously pleased, in recognition of eminent services to the House of Hohenzollern, to accord the dignity of *von* to the Alter Deutscher Gott, who will in future be known as Herr von Gott. (That was quite early in the war, though.)

HERE in London now meanwhile, though the Little Season's dead and the next one hasn't yet been born, and Parliament's on holiday for another three weeks yet, *on s'amuse* not at all badly spite of all. Fearfully dissipated people we are, in fact, according to none other nor less than Delysia, who says we've positively even corrupted Paris. It's the English, she swears and declares, who keep *La Ville Lumière* up to all hours by their pernicious habit of dining at nine and insisting, apparently, in their rough island manner, on an after-supper cabaret.

"Sunday night dancing at the Hotel Cecil"

WHICH is all very welcome news, I am sure, for such of the aspiring *Angliches* as eagerly desire to be the World's Worst. But somehow one seems to have heard or read of how, even before the invasion of the perfidious and sophisticated Briton, there *were* just one or two places in Paris where they didn't unanimously put out all the lights and shut the shutters before the first or even the last stroke of midnight, what?

A CRY and plea for "earlier dancing" being raised here in London, too, by the way, it being boldly alleged indeed that night

(*Continued on page* 98)

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P. & G.

clubs are more a mode than a genuine *passion*, and that, in fact, 1 o'clock sees most people more or less down and out, and much less inclined to revelry than yawning. Which is a somewhat elderly counsel methinks, seeing that the small hours are, like other little things, quite the best, and as for myself I never feel younger and fresher than just after the bacon and eggs about 2 a.m. But it takes all sorts to make a world, and there's no accounting for tastes, and that's that.

卐

Talking of likes and dislikes, there is one place where the most finicky of folk soon throw off any grumpiness they may have collected. Meaning and to wit, the Hotel Cecil, where one can—and does—dine well and dance every night, Sundays included, on a perfect floor midst palms and so forth, to the tunefulness of an excellent line in dance bands; and, furthermore, one does not need to be one of those alarming *nouveaux riches* either! for charges at the Cecil are "strictly mod.," as they say.

There's pyjama teas, for instance, which are being done just now—don't suppose any of our Middle-aged Censors of Morals'd care much for any of these, either. Little parties, I mean, when hostesses anyway turn up in the latest thing in brilliant pyjamas and dazzling dressing-gowns—and guests, of course, if tactful, do their best to follow suit. Which—well, *how* they'd have shocked dear Queen Victoria, but nothing like some of the so-called pyjama parties *you're* thinking of. And would still shock, I suppose, some of our modern Victorians and suchlike people, touching whom a certain very modern philosopher hath remarked that "there are lots of women about whom nobody would talk scandal—poor things."

"Pyjama teas"

卐

I will now conclude with a few lines of the latest verse, also encountered in my week's reading. Saith the "poet":—

Your prisms dance tropically on my curtain,
My purple jar and my van Gogh chair,
Guns, guns, guns of a gun,
Loneliness of existence.

卐

No, dear cousin, this is *not* the work of a well-known humorist, but actually published in a real book called "Spectrum," which you can buy for 4s. 6d. of good English money—if you feel that way, that is. After which, could *anyone* feel any real difficulty in believing in anything so sane, simple, and completely credible as just—Fairies?

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

BACKING YOUR LUCK

"Let us take the winning seats, partner."

How often does one hear this remark in the card-room. Many Bridge players have a touching credulity in the efficiency of the winning seats, and I have even heard them argue that such faith is not superstition. They follow, they will tell you, "the run of the cards," as many players at "Trente-et-Quarante" at Monte Carlo are in the habit of doing.

This belief in the run of the cards is founded on no solid basis. Every deal, if the pack has been properly shuffled and cut, is a fresh transaction, and there is no reason why the good cards should "run" one way rather than the other.

. . . . . .

"But," say the believers, "see how often a long run of good luck occurs in particular seats."

"Yes, and see how often it does not," is the true reply. The fact is, they notice the successes and ignore the failures.

If they win they say, "I told you so. We couldn't go wrong in those seats."

If they lose they say, "Well, I suppose these seats are worn out at last, but they have had a wonderful run."

Some players pin their faith to the winning cards, and are most eager to secure the pack with which the last victors have played. This idea has no more foundation than the other.

I would rather back a player who is "in luck" than the winning seats or cards.

I know, of course, that because a player has won six rubbers in succession there is no reason why he should win the seventh.

The theory of the "maturity of chances," as gamblers call it, teaches that the luck cannot continue more than a certain time in one direction.

. . . . . .

But as no one can tell how long that "certain time" is likely to be, the theory is of little value.

Against that, experience does undoubtedly show that when a man is in luck, or "in the vein," things do come his way.

It may be that he plays better and with more confidence than when he is doing badly, but I think most regular card-players will bear me out that there are periods when it seems as if they "can't go wrong."

This is the time when the experienced gambler backs his luck for all he is worth.

Mr. Walter Bluet, in his book, *Twenty-one Bridge Fallacies*, places "backing your luck" as the first and greatest fallacy.

No doubt it is, and can be proved to be so, but it is a superstition commonly held by, I should say, the majority of card players.

Personally, I would throw in all the lucky and unlucky runs and all the gamblers' theories and superstitions, and back the *good player* all the time.

I know a man who does not play Bridge who makes a regular income by making small bets on the best players in the card-room. He does not bother about luck. He follows form, and he wins.

. . . . . .

Here is last week's problem:—

	S—5. H—K, J, 10, 8, 3.	D.—4, 2. C—None.
	Y	
S—A, 6, 3. H—Q. D—8, 5, 3. C—4.	*A*	*B* S—K, 4, 2. H—A, 6, 5, 2. D.—None. C—K.
	Z	
	S—10, 9, 7. H—9, 4.	D.—A, 9, 6. C.—None.

Clubs are trumps. It is A's lead, and A, B must make six of the eight tricks against any defence.

. . . . . .

A leads 3 of Diamonds, Y plays the 2, and B discards 2 of Hearts, Z takes the trick with the 6. He then leads the 7 of Spades, A takes with the Ace, Y and B follow. A then leads 5 of Diamonds, B trumps with the King of Clubs. B then leads the 5 of Hearts, Z plays 4, A Queen, and Y King. Y must now lead Hearts, which B takes with the Ace, A discarding the 3 of Spades. B then leads the 6 of Hearts, compelling Z to discard a Diamond or a Spade. If Z discards a Diamond A makes his remaining Diamond. If Z discards a Spade, A leads a small Spade up to the King 4 in B's hand.

If Z likes to lead other than a Spade in the second trick the play comes out the same at the third last trick, when Z is compelled to discard either a Diamond or a Spade.

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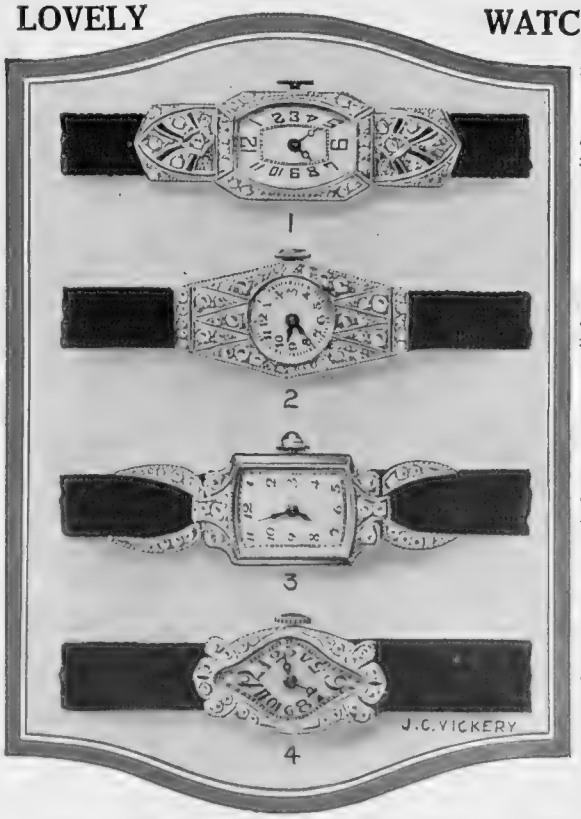

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RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

The Entries

THE topic of the moment in racing circles is afforded by the entries for the Spring Handicaps, which appeared last week. I had already indicated that, contrary to expectations in some quarters, Dark Diamond would not be entered for the Lincolnshire. Fred Darling, into whose hands this good French colt has gone, does not believe in aspiring to win the early handicaps of the season. His idea is that by doing so you are likely to knock your horses up for the big events which come later in the year. The Beckhampton trainer will have no practical experience of Dark Diamond until he returns from his holiday in America. But he told me before he left that, judging by the colt's reputation in his own country, he should train on into a Cup horse. It is no surprise, therefore, to find Dark Diamond among the entries for the Coronation Cup and the Ascot Gold Cup. It is to be noted that he has also been put in the City and Suburban, the weights for which will not be published until after the Lincolnshire has been run.

French Outlook

FOLLOWING the success of French owners on the Carholme with Sir Gallahad and Tapin, it is not surprising that our neighbours are again hopeful of carrying off the first of the big handicaps of the English season. They have entered a formidable team for the Lincolnshire, and for the moment public attention is chiefly focussed upon their candidates Coram and Ptolemy. Of this pair, the former appears to me to be the most likely horse for the job. Ptolemy is a big, upstanding colt, and I am doubtful whether it would be possible to get him really fit so early in the year. It must not be overlooked that the same stable has another string to its bow in the Lincolnshire in the shape of Aethelstan.

Aethelstan

AT this time last year Ptolemy was regarded as being much the better colt of these two, but his three-year-old career was bitterly disappointing to those who had set such high hopes upon him. Aethelstan, on the other hand, proved himself to be a consistent performer all through the season. He began winning quite early in the year, and I shall not be surprised to find him the most formidable of Mr Jeff Cohn's pair in the Lincolnshire Handicap. We know something about the form of Coram, because we saw him run in the Cambridgeshire, as well as once before at Newmarket. He put up a very good show in the big handicap, and I am convinced that he is a candidate entitled to our real respect. Coram is trained in the same stable as produced Epinard, and it is quite possible that the services of Steve Donoghue, who rode him several times last year in France, will be secured for the French colt.

FIRST-HAND OPINIONS ON THE DAY'S PROSPECTS *I. B.*

Master Keith Cameron—armed to the teeth—who is the son of Sir Keith and Lady Cameron, has a few words with the hounds at a meet of the Quorn. This took place recently at Beaumanor, Loughborough

Mr. S. Joel's Lot

MR. S. B. JOEL has some pleasant recollections of the Lincolnshire Handicap. He brought off a distinct coup when he won it with Long Set, and he enjoyed another good race when Soranus was successful at a long price. You will recall that the latter horse had a "leg" on the day of the Lincolnshire, and was knocked right out in the market. But the stable money was already on. This owner has a remarkably strong team in the race this time. In addition to such as The Monk, Pons Asinorum, Evander, Pasha, Green Fire, and Prompt, he is also interested in the entry with Oojah, whom he owns in partnership with Mr. J. B. Joel. It will be curious if the Joel brothers cannot provide a very formidable candidate for the race in view of the strength of their entry. It is a little doubtful whether Oojah will be seen out so early in the season as the Lincolnshire. The fact that the brothers Joel gave the tremendous price of 13,500 guineas for him at the Hulton sale suggests that they are likely to fly at higher game with him than this handicap.

BY "THE TOUT"

MAJOR R. J. JONES

Who, with his brother, is Joint Master of the North Herefordshire Hounds, photographed at a recent meet of this pack at Pencombe Cross Roads. This is their third season as Joint Masters, and the partnership has proved a very popular one

"Pons"

ONE of the most likely of the entries in this interest is Pons Asinorum, who should be well suited by the Lincoln mile. As you will remember, Mr. Sol Joel bought this colt about half an hour before he carried his colours in the Cambridgeshire. "Pons" was thought to be a trifle unlucky not to win that race, and it is certain that Wragg, who rode him, was handicapped by the fact that he had never been on his back before. The weights for the Lincoln will appear at the end of the month. It will then be time enough to make an endeavour to spot the probable winner. One thing which people should avoid is betting on the race in a hurry.

TAKE WARNING!

Not to forget that next week's issue is "The Bystander's" second Winter Sports Number, which, in addition to all our usual features, contains special pictures and articles gathered "on the spot" among the Swiss snows. And it's the same price as usual, to wit, One Shilling

HUNTING NOTES

IN THE SHIRES *I. B.*

Major Gore Browne with his daughter, Miss Clemency Browne, who attended a recent meet of the Quorn at Beaumanor, Loughborough

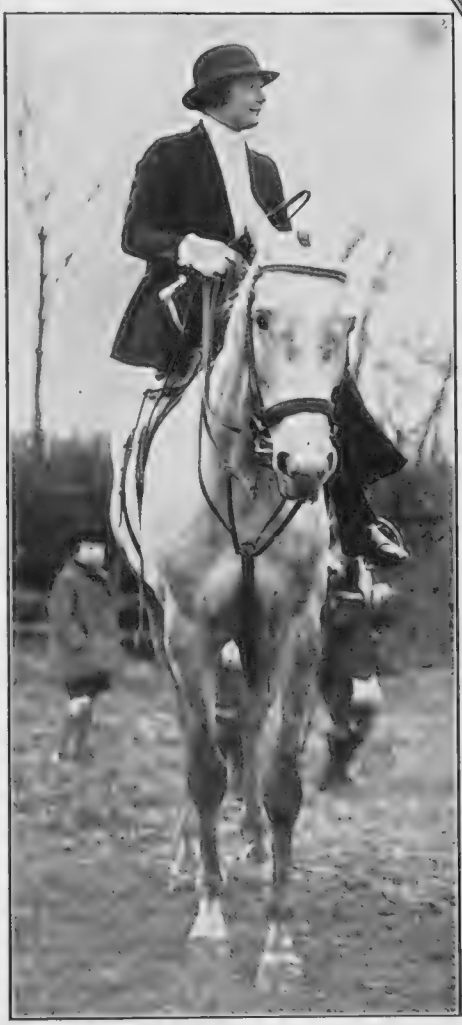
"Buck"

THERE are not many better known or more popular personalities in the hunting world than Mr. Walter Buckmaster. Widespread regret was caused last week when it was known that he had met with a serious accident while out with the Warwickshire It appears that in the course of a good gallop Mr. Buckmaster struck his head against the branch of a tree which was overhanging a small fence. Disaster from this cause has often occurred before in the hunting field. He at once lost consciousness, and it was evident to those who went to his assistance that he was badly hurt. Without loss of time he was removed to the hospital at Stratford-on-Avon, where he was found to be suffering from a fractured skull. It was not until the following day that he recovered consciousness. The last report I had was that he is going on as well as could be expected. "Buck" has taken many hard knocks during the course of his career. Several times I have seen him laid out most ominously in the polo field, but he has always proved himself tough enough to come up smiling after every mishap. I hope it will be possible for him to resume his place in the Warwickshire field before long, though nobody can under-estimate the dangers of a fractured skull.

ARTHUR W. COATEN

Warwickshire M.F.H.s

IT would appear that before he met with this accident Mr. Buckmaster had handed in his resignation of the Joint Mastership of the Warwickshire. So much I assume from the fact that a vacancy in the country was advertised in the hunting papers last week. Those who have the ambition of taking on the leadership of the famous pack should make their application to the Hon. Secretary, Colonel B. Granville, Chadley, Wellesbourne. Some weeks ago I referred in these notes to the differences which had arisen between the Joint Masters. Apparently the sub-committee, appointed by the Hunt Committee to deal with the questions which had so unfortunately arisen, has not been able to find a way out of the difficulty except by the appointment of a new M.F.H.



Topical

"UPON A WHITE HORSE"

A photograph of Mrs. Mike Wardell, a follower of the Quorn, at a meet of this famous pack. This took place recently at Keyham

Central News

OUT WITH THE PACK

Lord Irwin, the new Viceroy of India, with his son, the Hon. Charles Wood, on their way to a meet of the Harriers. This took place recently at Garrowby, Lord Irwin's country seat in Yorkshire

Good Sport

RIDERS to hounds in the Midlands, as well as in many other parts of the Kingdom, had to wait a very long time before getting into regular action this winter. Happily, the outlook is very favourable at the time of writing, the only drawback in some places being the flooded state of the country. Many of the packs in the Shires have done extremely well in the New Year, the vein of good sport which has come their way being all the more enjoyable after their prolonged spells of idleness. Really good gallops were the order in almost every direction last week. The Belvoir found excellent scenting conditions after their appointment at Lord Brownlow's place, Belton House, and it was declared the best Tuesday of the season so far with this pack.

Enjoying the Fun

LATER in the week the Belvoir did well after meeting at Waltham, among those who enjoyed the sport being the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry. On that day the Pytchley met at Crick, an appointment which has been associated with some of the best fun in the history of the pack. The hounds did not disappoint their followers on this occasion, and a gallop of forty-five minutes —the cream was from Watford Wood to Brockhall, where the fox got to ground under a tree—was a particularly sparkling item. In another part of England the Duke of Beaufort's pack had an unusual hunt, lasting an hour and three-quarters, in the course of which they made a point of ten miles. They were not stopped until they clashed with the Avon Vale pack, which were hunting in the same locality.

THE RUGGER WORLD

MORE TROUBLE AT TWICKENHAM

By "PENDARVES"

IT was a day of extreme puzzlement when we watched a so-called "England" side soundly defeated by "The Rest."

First of all, we were dutifully in our seats by 2 p.m. (most of us without any lunch), because Commander Coopper had issued what amounted to an order (wonderfully docile lot, we civilians); and then, at 2.15, when we naturally expected that officer to parade his teams with true naval punctuality, they didn't turn out. So a few thousand of us began clapping ironically, and saying things!

The Improbables had beaten the Impossibles at Bath. What were the Rest going to do with this patchy-looking England team? We were soon to see. By the way, it sounds rather rude calling them contemptuously "The Rest," I always think, as if they were just any old side, collected from the deuce knows where.

There followed a game of intense interest to 10,000 spectators; but it must have been a sorry business for the imposing-looking, grave gentlemen in the Selection Committee enclosure. Everybody was asking pertinent questions of each other throughout the game. One heard things like this:—

"Why on earth have they dug out Pickles? He has never shone on big occasions. And look at him now! Holding on far too long; getting out of his place, and over-running all his passes—rotten!" . . .

"Burton, of Richmond, is a find indeed. But he is a right-wing three-quarter; and so is Dicky Wickes—so *that's* no good; can't oust Wickes."

"This Rest side is far better all round than England—what *are* the Selection Committee playing at?" . . .

And so on. When these impertinencies appear we shall have been told the worst as to the side which has got to meet Wales, and there will be no further argument about it.

But it really was rather amusing (except for the R.U. Committee) to see a mediocre England side being chivvied about the ground by the Turned-Downs. In the first part of the game there was no doubt whatever that the two Rest halves (our key position), Worton and Kittermaster, were completely overshadowing Young and Taylor. The Gloucester player, Taylor, did not convince me in any part of the game that he was up to international standard. Young, a trusty scrum-half—and knowing how to deal with Welshmen in international games—was obviously out of practice, but more or less came into his old form in the second half. Kittermaster, on the other hand, in the stand-off position, was obviously the man for our job on that day's play. He has the most beautiful pair of hands; can take passes (and some of Young's were very bad to Taylor, who fumbled them in consequence) on the tips of his fingers at all angles. His defence is sound enough, too, it seems to me. Worton, at the base of the Rest scrum, started brilliantly, but fell away from grace towards the end.

All through that first half, although England led at half-time with an unconvincing 8-6, it was The Rest's game. Then, during the pause, out comes a dapper official from the Throne Room, says "that will be all to-day, thank'e," to Pickles—or words to that effect (I wonder what they *do* actually say, and what the axed player feels like when he hears it?). Aslett, another most excellent Army and Richmond player, is promoted to the white jersey and shorts, and our old Cambridge friend, T. E. S. Francis, is promoted from touch judge to The Rest Team, and acquits himself nobly.

Then we settle down once again to see what will happen *now*. The same thing. The Rest getting the ball far more frequently than England, and making better use of it when they do.

When the score became 11 all, Young found his old international form suddenly, and the England forwards woke up with a start and several grunts. All through the piece Wakefield, Tom Voyce, and the new man, Raikes, were, so to speak, goading the white forwards into spectacular action, and failing. There were eight men on the other side collectively just as good, if not better. Turquand-Young—more Army and Richmond—who is, *of course*, known to all and sundry as "Turkey," impressed me very much. It is that forceful kind of clean playing forward we want, and want badly. Cove-Smith seems to me to have shot his bolt. We can't afford to dispense with Tom Voyce yet—especially against Wales! He never seems to grow any older, and still enjoys keenly the roughest maul there is going. I suppose somebody will kill him eventually; it will take two men to do it, playing well together.

But this full-back question is the devil of a business. Catcheside, the "make-do" of the Selectors on that day, gives one the impression of not liking his part of the field a little bit. He was all at sixes and sevens during some of those Rest attacks, as their score showed. Holliday is much safer in defence, but a poorish kick. So where are we now? Someone in authority has suggested bringing back the great little C. N. Lowe to fill this bill. We might do much worse (if he would come), for we all know about his fearless tackling; and his kicking to touch is better than either of these other two men can achieve.

And Scotland has beaten a strong French side on their own ground by 20 points to 6. NOT a very pleasant prospect for us on March 20th!

THE SCHOOLBOYS' INTERNATIONAL *G.P.U.*

A photograph of the Rosslyn Park Public Schools XV with the Welsh Public Schools XV, whom they played recently at Old Deer Park, Richmond. After an even game, the visiting team won the match by 14 points to 8

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MOTOR NOTES

THE unofficial period of grace for the taking out of new car licences expires to-morrow (the 14th inst.), and all those motorists who have not already done so should make a pilgrimage to the home of their local county authorities with the necessary money and registration-book. It is too late to make the application by means of a form obtained at the principal Post Office. My sympathies go out to those hard-worked officials who have had the job of renewing one and a-half million car licences in the past fortnight.

***

THIS renewal of licences, which has been so necessary in the last few days, has accentuated the need for some regulation allowing the car licence to be taken out from the date of application, as in the case of a driving licence. A very large number of owners, being unable to raise the necessary cash for a full year's licence, have compromised by taking out the first of the quarterly licences. When the end of March arrives they will have to take out a further licence if they intend to use their cars, and by the end of the year they will find that they have presented a certain amount of unnecessary gold to the Road Fund, for whatever purpose this money is ultimately to be used. If licences could be taken out on any day for twelve months (or for a quarter) the work of the licensing authorities would be "evened up" throughout the year, and the owner of the car would not have to find large sums at inconvenient periods of the year.

A SPIRITED PERFORMANCE

Mr. Ivor Novello in charge of the Pratt's Golden Pump. The photograph was taken at the Children's Motor Show, held at Messrs. Lewis's Ltd., Manchester

THE entries for the Rudge-Whitworth races, to be held on the Sarthe Circuit, on June 12th and 13th, have now closed at ordinary fees. Entries at double fees can be received up to February 28th. So far nine cars have been entered for the second Bi-Annual Rudge-Whitworth Cup, including one English car—a Sunbeam—and twenty-nine entries for the third Bi-Annual Rudge-Whitworth Cup, including two Sunbeams. It is somewhat discouraging to see that there are only three British cars among the thirty-eight entries to date, and these all of one make. In the list which has reached me I am sorry to see that there are no entries of the Bentley, a make which has done particularly well in these contests.

***

TURNING from racing to pioneer exploration work, "Bystanders" will be interested to hear that the Court-Treatt Cape to Cairo Crossley Expedition reached Khartoum some time ago. They are thus on the last stage of their journey, and, after a short rest, the Expedition is pushing on to Cairo. If nothing untoward happens, it should arrive towards the end of January. I hear that the party are fit and well, but are, naturally, looking forward to a return to the amenities of civilisation.

(*Continued on page 106*)

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THE TIMES on 20th October, 1925

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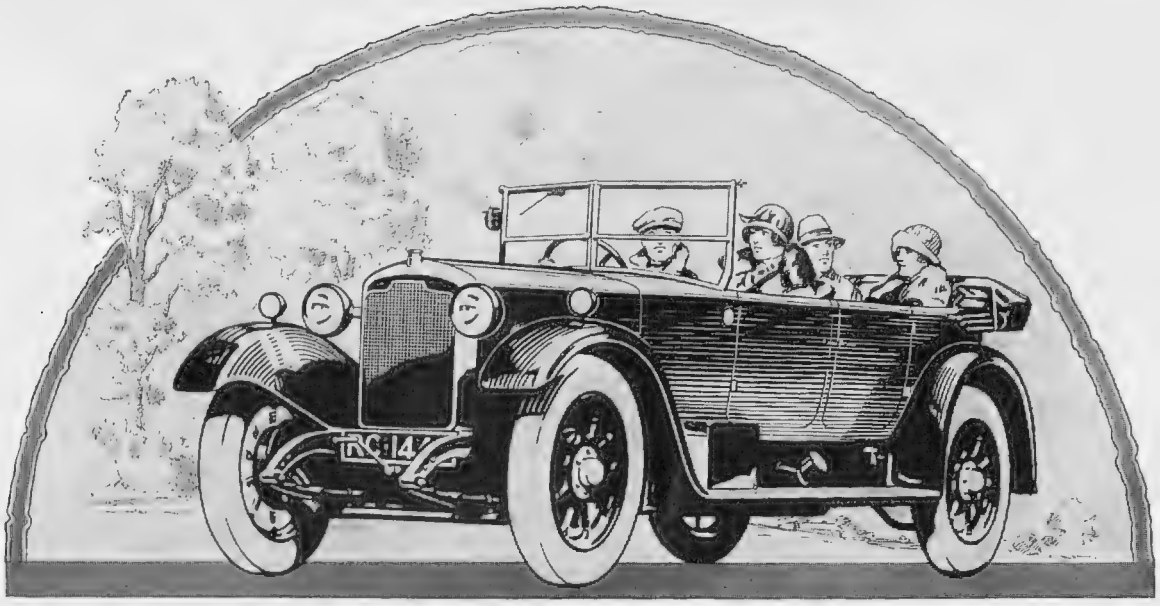

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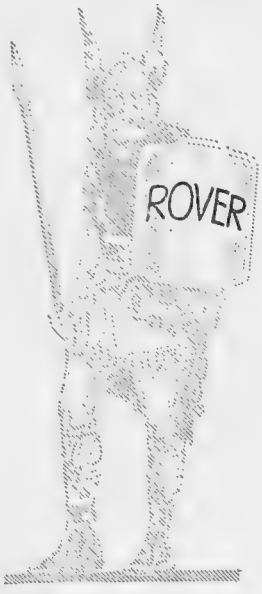


ROVER

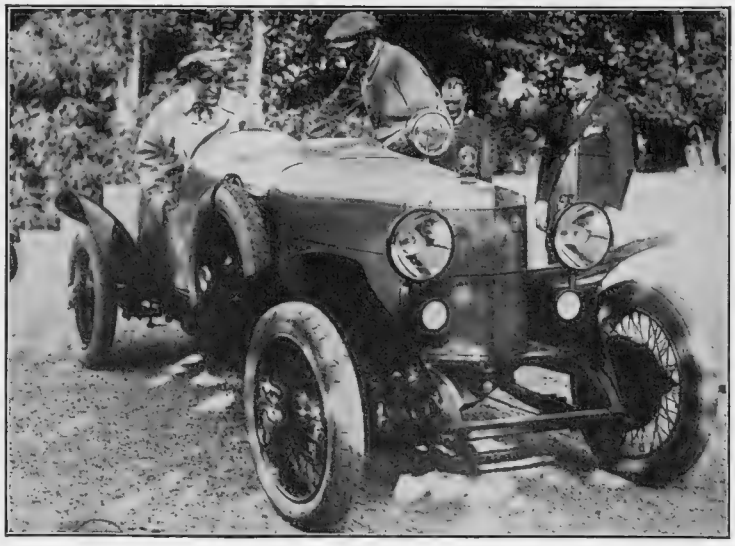
THE ROVER COMPANY, LTD., 61, NEW BOND STREET, W.1, and COVENTRY.

ROVER IS BRITISH ALL THROUGH

LAST week I referred to the fact that, entirely unasked, I decided to accompany the competitors on the London-Exeter run at the end of last year. On that occasion I did not have an opportunity of paying a tribute to the 13.9 h.p. Renault saloon which transported me through the whole of the night and the next day without the slightest falter or worry. I will be quite fair and say that I have two slight criticisms to make of this car, but when it is taken into consideration that the selling price complete is only £395, it will be seen that my criticisms are somewhat in the nature of being "pernickity." The two extra fittings which I should have liked on this car were a blind to the rear window and a rear mirror, at a total cost of about half-a-guinea. Turning more seriously to consideration of the car, I must say that it represents most remarkably good value.

***

THE 13.9 h.p. Renault has a four-five-seater coach-built saloon body with four doors, four raisable windows, a four-cylinder engine, three speeds and reverse, and four-wheel brakes. It is an exceptionally easy car to drive, the steering and suspension being of a very high standard. It is an extremely good hill-climber, even with a heavy body, and, owing to the automatic advance and retard of the ignition, the actual driving of the car is almost child's play. The engine is not particularly large, yet a most satisfactory rate of speed can be averaged even with a full load. The standard equipment includes shock-absorbers, which prevent any roll on corners and which allow the car to be driven at its maximum speed on bad roads. In the course of my very strenuous run, I was gratified to note that there was an entire absence of skidding whatever the surface of the roads. I should certainly advise anyone interested in the purchase of a medium-powered saloon to make a trial of the Renault before coming to a final decision.



IN ITALY

Signor Mussolini in one of his new Alfa-Romeo cars. The motor is one of the Silent-Super-Six Sports models.

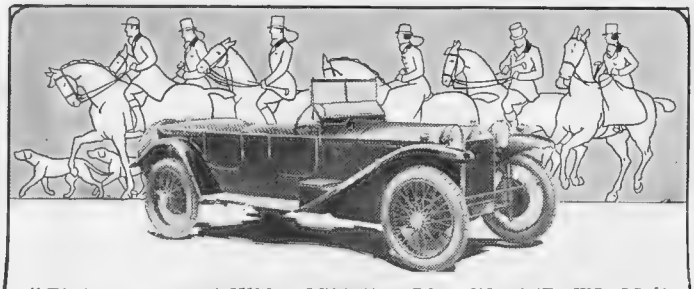
***

TO those interested in the purchase of new cars the annual Motor Exhibition at Olympia, held in either October or November of the year, is the only show which matters, but there are many desiring motor cars and cycles who are unable to purchase new vehicles, and therefore have to make tours of the second-hand dealers in order to select their machines. This year a used car and motor cycle show will be held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, London, on March 18th-27th. Only recognised motor and motor cycle selling agents and dealers will be eligible as exhibitors.

***

ONE of the latest developments in connection with bodywork is in regard to the all-steel body. In this type of body the panels are pressed from sheet steel and are either welded or riveted together. This body possesses numerous advantages in that it is more reliable and accident-proof than the ordinary type of coachwork, and in the event of damage to the panels they can be beaten out again to the correct contour, with little trouble.

GEORGE C. STEAD.



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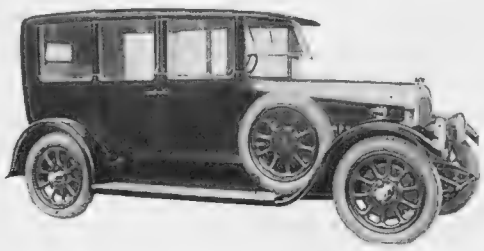

Humber

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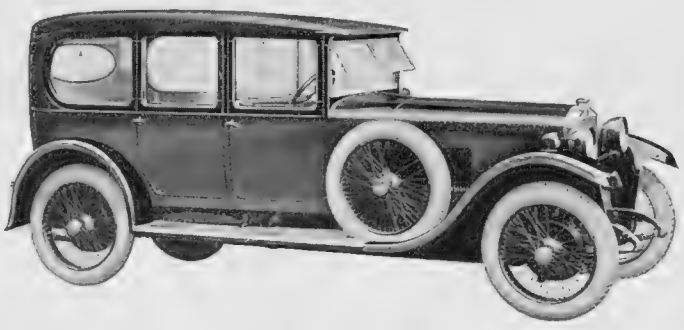

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THE OPEN ROAD IS OUR SHOWROOM

THE performance of the 18/55 h.p. Six-cylinder Talbot is exceptional and a trial run in this splendidly appointed car is a revelation in luxurious motoring.

Its remarkable acceleration and equally remarkable four-wheel brakes, so smooth and yet so positive, give a new sense of security.

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18/55 h.p. six-cylinder Talbot, two or five seater, £750. Coachbuilt saloon, £950. Saloon Limousine, Saloon Landaulette, Coupé, Weymann Saloon bodies are also available.

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A BYSTANDER *among the* BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

In the book on my table it is called New Granada, which is a name of some beauty, but on the maps it is spelt simply Colombia. Schoolboys, it may be, have heard of Colombia; they may even remember that Bogota is its capital town. But do their elders know very much more than that? (Unless, of course, they have shares in some oil concern.) Oil: yes, the little word may be brought to mind. In Colombia, surely, you obtain concessions for oil? And it is somewhere in South America, is it not? Or is that British Columbia? But, in any case, it cannot be the sort of place you would choose for a pleasure trip? In this way, I fancy, most of us might speak of this little-known country.

It was one of the earliest ambitions of Mr. William McFee, that admirable novelist whose work each year is becoming more popular on both sides of the Atlantic, to go to Bogota. In the course of his seafaring duties he must have visited nearly every other place in the world. Now after translating himself into a man of letters (and, incidentally, into an American citizen) he is free to pursue early ambitions, and his *Sunlight in New Granada* (Heinemann, 10*s.* 6*d.* net) is the result of that long-postponed visit.

He calls himself a philosophical traveller, and one accompanies him on his adventures with all the more pleasure because the curious people he meets loom as large as, if not larger than, the curious towns and villages in which they live. You do not go to Colombia, it would seem, unless you have "business." Indeed, you are not expected to go. And if you *do* go, you are looked at with a certain amount of suspicion. Nobody, however, could long have remained suspicious of so charmingly unconventional a traveller as Mr. McFee, and he was allowed to do much as he chose.

His book is, as one expects it to be, a graciously human volume, vivid and alive and mightily good to read. His pictures of the country itself are as hauntingly beautiful as his portraits of its natives are vigorous and unforgettable. And you need not be a traveller yourself to enjoy his alluring pages.

❋

Most people ask first of a novel that it should tell a good story, and one cannot blame them. Most novelists, too, do the best to tell a good story. But it sometimes happens that a series of little sketches of a particular mode of life, strung together, it may be, in the loosest possible way, will make up a novel which is every bit as satisfactory and interpretative as the "meatiest" yarn ever invented.

I am led to say this after reading Mr. Lenox Fane's novel, *Legation Street* (Butterworth, 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It has, it is true, a faint story to tell, but the story is its least important feature. Briefly, it takes you to that part of Pekin which is given over to the foreign legations. It lifts the veil from a tiny cosmopolitan world in a manner which is so delightfully intimate, that you are quite content to enjoy the quiet account of the daily round which Mr. Fane gives you.

This, in itself, must be counted an achievement. Nothing ever happens that is particularly dramatic. All is astonishingly seemly and correct. Where, then, is the interest to be found? Well, it seems to me that Mr. Fane has been lucky enough to light on an unfamiliar aspect of life and to present it to the world in a charming and witty way. You can *see* all these people; you can appreciate their little difficulties and their foibles; above all, you can enjoy the good writing. *Legation Street* is an entirely uncommon book which I can strongly recommend for your library list.

By Hynes

MR. R. H. GILLESPIE

Who is the Managing Director of the London Hippodrome and Moss Empires, a syndicate which controls 34 theatres and music halls. Mr. Gillespie is therefore largely responsible for many shows which have cheered up London and the provinces

❋

Yet another of Mr. Donald Maxwell's delightful books, and his *Unknown Norfolk* (Lane, 15*s.* net) is on a par with its predecessors. To Norfolk, he admits, he was wholly a stranger, but one can imagine the East Anglians taking immediate steps to have him made an honorary freeman, or whatever the county equivalent of that urban dignity may be. With his faithful ship *Penguin*, at any rate, and with the equally faithful Brown in attendance, the latest unmethodical exploration must be accounted as successful as all the others.

You might think from the chapter headings that Sherlock Holmes had been a man of Norfolk, so suggestive are they of mysterious clues and criminal affairs; but that is only another of Mr. Maxwell's little jokes. And yet these headings have a real significance, for like all true explorers Mr. Maxwell is not satisfied with the mere scenery that meets his eye, but must delve into its history and make the acquaintance of its natives.

And, as always, his drawings, whether they be those more finished experiments in colour or the slighter sketches which are to be found on almost every page, are splendidly personal things. Their delicacy and unusualness must strike everybody. The Norfolk ones, at any rate, bring with them a whiff of salt, and the accompanying text is exactly what one could have wished it to be.

❋

You wander by chance into a cinema-theatre, and witness the most amazing melodrama. The hero never ceases to be painfully heroic, and maintains a dignified (and sartorially correct) appearance, even in the most trying positions. As for the villain, he is a really shocking compound of all the less amusing vices. Life? It is the queerest travesty of life that ever was. But—suppose that there really was such a country as that we are shown in the "pictures"! In a most entertaining and very whimsical first novel called *Elnovia* (Faber & Gwyer: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), Mr. Geoffrey Faber takes us to such a country. It is "somewhere in the clouds," of course, and the inhabitants are grouped into three classes: the Heroes, the Villains, and those poor down-trodden wretches called Ordinary People. Mr. Faber, with Mr. George Morrow to help him, makes a most excellent guide to this Never, Never Land, but he knows that no matter what sort of a novel you are writing, there must be a more or less thrilling story, and here it is, an exceedingly clever parody of a certain type of politico-detective shocker. It will not be everybody's book, but if you take my advice, you will get hold of a copy, and chuckle steadily and enjoyably until the last page be reached.

Dewar's

The Macnab.

by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.

The original Picture the property of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd.

"Still Dancing"!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

STRANGE CONDUCT OF ABSENT-MINDED REVELLER ON RETURNING FROM HIS FAVOURITE NIGHT CLUB

FEMINA

THE REAL AND THE SHAM. By "CANDIDA."

I FORGET who said that minding one's own business was the greatest of the virtues, and that there wouldn't be any more wars, or politics, or need for diplomacy if we all began to practise it. He was quite right, of course, and yet what a dull world it would be with no gossip, no newspapers, no parties, and no marvellous frocks! I wouldn't be allowed to make any more remarks about the way other people live. It would be a crime to wonder how lots of us manage to spend so much on necessary unessentials, when everybody knows that there isn't enough money about for "unessential" necessaries; and how it is I meet so many pearl necklaces at quite unpretentious parties, and there are fur coats about everywhere, on everybody, whether it snows or whether it doesn't.

IN America, I'm told, everybody has his Ford, and one wonders how it's kept and where, and whether they've got a garage problem over there as we have a housing one over here. And in England every woman has her fur coat. North, South, East and West it's the same story. If, by a miracle, there's a soul left anywhere without a fur covering to wrap herself in, so to speak, she need only go to the nearest shop round the corner. There she can acquire for a hundred guineas something sleek and glossy and warm with a name and a tradition behind it, or, for a hundred shillings, a substitute almost as sleek and glossy, though it's impossible to say more than that with conviction.

HERE, of course, we have the explanation of the mystery. The many fur coats one meets aren't real fur, only real sham. Most people are easily satisfied and names don't matter to them. "What's in a name?" said Juliet, and after that you're at liberty to argue that black would be white, if we'd call it white, or if we'd think it white, according to the latest psychologists. But, alas! the Juliet argument doesn't apply to sable! By any other name it isn't just as good.

THIS isn't saying that the real sham isn't wonderful stuff. It's produced by artists, and is sometimes nicer to look at than the real real. Also it isn't cheap. How could it be? Art never is, and the art part of the fur matters more than the skin of the beast. The best designer people insist on piling it on everywhere, regardless of expense. They haven't noticed, apparently, that there's no money about. For them everybody Rolls-Royces through life. For them it never rains, and all the paths of existence are as nice to amble in as Casino terraces. Every new hat is born to go to the South of France, and every evening frock is specially created to adorn a miracle of chic and beauty. They're incurably romantic, hopelessly idealistic and obstinately blind to the sordid realities of life for which they're supposed to design. They're not artists for nothing, but it's wonderful all the same how they manage to ask top prices, and to get them, and that without any trade—I mean art—unions and things to protect them.

THESE wonderful people are making a hobby of the real sham. They're no respecters of names. They tack on another word to sable, and the new, hyphened beast is as brown and as silky as any Empress might desire. Chinchilla, the peerless, silver chinchilla, is as extinct as the dodo, so it seems, and equally impossible to find is the woman who could still afford to buy it. But what's the matter with chinchilla-rat? Nothing could look lovelier on silver tissue cloaks. And a mere "coney" added to seal makes all the difference to a fur which was too heavy to be practicable and had, besides, a bad habit of wearing into holes at the shortest notice. There's beaver, too, so becoming to everybody, and, alas, so expensive that one simply had to invent something equally nice to take its place! Hence nutria, which isn't exactly cheap either, but is as beavery as one could wish at half the price. With the real sham to the rescue every fur coat has an air *sans peur et sans reproche.*

ART, as I've said before, matters almost as much as nature, but even art has two sides to it. There's real art and the other thing, the real sham and the sham sham. There's real sable, for instance, which no one deals in nowadays except a few Cinema stars with "fabulous fortunes," as they say in the papers, and perhaps a surviving Queen or two. That's the Cæsar's wife sort of fur, the real real. Then there's sable substitute, very long-priced, too, and very charming, Kolinski-sable, for instance, which is the real sham. And, finally, there's Kolinski-coney, that is, rabbit handsomely camouflaged, the sham sham which apes the real sham to the life, at any rate for a whole winter, if not for longer.

THE sham sham's an inexhaustible subject. There's no end to it, since almost anything can be made to imitate anything else. Everything's possible in furland nowadays. Lots of striped and spotted creatures, half wild cat, half goodness knows what, end by becoming magnificent collars and cuffs to adorn all sorts of wonderful creations. And every tame rabbit thing can be dyed in spots and stripes to reproduce to the life (and no one be the wiser) the wild cat aforesaid. Half the skunk you meet isn't as skunky as it appears to be, and no questions asked. Who cares, when the result's so becoming and so cheap? Haven't we every reason for being grateful, since to the sham sham we owe all those wonderful coats which look so imposing and cost next to nothing? Everybody knows the difference which the wearing of a fur coat makes to one's self-respect from the beginning of November to April. Therefore, I may prefer sable, but here's to the genius who invented coney.

"MISS BYSTANDER" *Balmain*

Little Honor Rankine, the eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Rankine, the well-known pair skaters, in the dress representing the Bystander Girl on the cover of our Christmas Number which she wore at the Edinburgh Fancy Dress Ice Carnival. She is the youngest entrant for the Prodger's Cup at the Edinburgh Ice Rink

MISS FLORENCE JACKSON

MISS VALERIE TAYLOR

Two clever actresses in the company of The Macdona Players, who are playing in Bernard Shaw Repertory at the Regent Theatre, King's Cross. Amongst her numerous parts, Miss Jackson plays "Mrs. Warren" in "Mrs. Warren's Profession," whilst Miss Taylor, who recently scored a big success in "The Seagull," is playing "Lavinia" in "Androcles and the Lion"

NEXT MONTH'S SHOW

HOW TO PREPARE

BY "THE KENNELMAN"

Less than a month to run now before one of the two biggest doggy events of the year: Cruft's great Dog Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall. Experienced exhibitors need no telling, but the novice may be warned that eleventh hour preparation and "conditioning" of a Dog for show is of small value. So far as the "conditioning" goes, it's what your properly cared-for Dog can very well dispense with, because he gets the best his owner can give him the year round; and that's as it should be. But rational preparation for show is quite another matter, and one that no wise and sporting exhibitor should ever neglect, especially in the case of young Dogs.

The business of the judge in the ring is to adjudicate upon the merits and appearance of the Dogs entered, *as he then sees them.* He is not concerned with their advantages in point of pedigree, and cannot be expected to know (or care) how winningly they can comport themselves at home. As they show in the ring, in circumstances admittedly pretty trying for the young and inexperienced Dog, so must he judge them and issue his awards. For the exhibitor, the best policy is, so far as may be, to efface him or herself, while displaying the Dog to the best possible advantage, without fuss, and with due consideration for other occupants of the ring, canine and human. Some Dogs are naturally far better showers than others; but none will do himself the fullest justice in the ring unless given some practical preparation for it.

A few sticks and a clothes-line, on a lawn or in a field, will give you a near-enough educational show ring; and a village idiot is good enough to help in the *rôle* of judge, since his verdict won't carry "cards." But there's no reason why he should not, in pantomime, go through the manœuvres you may expect from the real judge, in the matter of occasional handling of your Dog, etc. The main thing is to practise the Dog till he's letter-perfect, in the matter of walking and trotting round and about the ring, always on the lead, of course, and always displaying himself to the best advantage to the figure in the centre. Above all, perhaps, teach him to *stand* well and truly, at the whispered word of command; absolutely on the fore part of the feet; every nerve and muscle above concert pitch, or looking like it, anyhow. Incidentally, you, the exhibitor, will learn a lot in this training process, and, if you go through with it conscientiously, your Dog will show himself "on the day" as no untaught animal can, with effects that often make the difference between first and second place awards, or between a "card" and nothing.

Writing from Winchester, "A Veteran" says:—"'Kennelman' is undoubtedly right in his remarks upon the nervousness and the nervous diseases that afflict so many of our best-bred modern Dogs. The mating of too closely related Dogs is, of course, risky, though not more likely, I think, to produce nervous disorder, than other forms of weakness. But breeders are all aware of this, and there is not a lot of it done. No, as 'Kennelman' infers, the nervous troubles are due more to indiscretions in rearing, than in mating and breeding, and more to changes in the conditions of the life we most of us lead than most people suppose. Naturally receptive and imitative, we have made Dogs extraordinarily sensitive, even to unconsciously exercised human influences; and no ordinary Dog will stick to a minuet measure while his human associates dance to jazz music. Your Dog may like it as much as you do, but, really, you know, motoring, for example, is not very good for his nerves."

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